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TWO SEASONS.

No slightest shape of summer cloud
The June-time sky bedimpled,
Sune roses tossed their pretty heads,
In white and crimson wimpled.
Yet, oh, my heart! what winter woe
Enchained and kept thee down!
For sway December's menace lay
In Sylvia's frown!

Now winds speed past us wild with snow,
The year bewails its ending.
The sky, a helmet wrought in steel,
On earth's wan brow is bending.
Yet, oh, my heart! what sylvan cheer
Inspires thee all the while!
For summer's airy sweetness breathes
In Sylvia's smile!
—Eva Wilder McGlasson in the Century.

A BICYCLE ROMANCE.

Old Hundred's name was P. T. Simmons "Just P. T.;" he always insisted. "They don't stand for anything. Father and mother ran out of names when they came to me, and gave me initials." So the village wag dubbed him Old Hundred, for short, and the name adhered.

For Old Hundred was one of those dried up little men who might be considered twenty if some inconvenient old ladies did not remember holding them in their arms just forty years ago. He wore a dainty juvenile mustache, walked with a smart swing, although one might notice that his heels came down rather stiffly, and played games among the most frivolous at the church socials.

He was a tailor, an excellent one, by the way, and his apprentices had by this time ceased to grin and chuckle when their master sprang down from his cross-legged position on the table every morning precisely at ten, as B. C. passed on her way to the post office after the mail. He would jump down, snatch up his hat in an absent-minded, blushing way, and remark that the mail must be distributed by this time. If the apprentices had ceased to smile at this sort of thing, you may be sure that it had become an old story.

Indeed, Old Hundred had been courting B. C. for a long, long time. And that was too bad, because B. C. deserved a better fate, a more vigorous lover. No one could tell when Susy Bennett was first called B. C. If one could have told that, you see, it would have given some clue to her age. Susy was a dear old girl, however, with kind, laughing eyes, and a shrewd little brain of her own. It wasn't her fault if she was getting up startlingly near a very rheumatic forty without netting Old Hundred.

For when a man has gone through forty years with a sneaking desire for matrimony titillating his heart all the while, without the grit and manliness to say so when given opportunity by the proper person once, twice, daily,—Cupid despairs of him more than of the most rabid mysogynist in bachelordom. There is such a thing, you know, as a heart which is too soft for those dainty little darts, which merely nurses them as a feather pillow would.

Well, that's Old Hundred and B. C. How came in the Bicycle? In this way. The ancient twain were strolling back from the post-office at 10:30 a.m.; with the insipient courtship-air which had petrified so long ago. She was smiling at him, bravely and hopefully, and talking bright nothings, while his feather pillow of a heart fluttered drowsily.

Suddenly there flashed around the corner and bore straight down upon them Will Davis and Lucy his young wife, on their safeties, off for a day's holiday together, if one might judge from their bundles. Upright they were, noiseless, swift, graceful and full of life in every movement and in every fluttering garment, glittering eyed, with handsome, healthful faces.

Old Hundred and B. C. turned to gaze admiringly after them.

"How finely Mrs. Davis rides!" murmured Old Hundred.

"And how exceedingly graceful Mr. Davis is!" responded B. C. rather sharply.

"I've often thought that I should like a wheel," said Old Hundred, with, of course, no perception of her annoyance.

"And I should enjoy one very much," added B. C.

"You!" Old Hundred blurted out, before he thought. He took mental credit to himself for not finishing the sentence!

"You can get tricycles now-a-days for almost nothing," said B. C. slyly, "and of course that's the only wheel you would think of at your time of life, Mr. Simmons!"

"Hum!" said Old Hundred, and "Hum!" said B. C.

Now expect to be treated to a lover's quarrel. Our sedate couple had got far beyond that dangerous stage of courtship. Yet as they parted somewhat grimly, "I'll show her!" muttered Old Hundred. And that very afternoon the heart of the village bicycle agent was made glad by an order for a lady's safety, and an order for a safety for our doughty tailor.

That was on a Monday, and our narrative calmly skips a month at this point,—calmly and mercifully.

From time immemorial it had been Old Hundred's habit to call on B. C. on Sunday evenings. At the beginning of his courtship, the hand of the feather-hearted tailor had quivered suspiciously in the operation of shaving for this important occasion. In the adjustment of his necktie his clumsiness had been phenomenal—for a tailor. His steps up the boardwalk which led to B. C.'s front door had been noticeably unsteady. B. C. had coyly sent the servant to usher him in, and had often, with an affectation of careless indifference, received him without rising from her chair.

All that had long been changed, but this particular night seemed to repeat the experiences of old. Old Hundred's toilet was accomplished with blundering slowness. And why does the odor of liniments follow the fiery lover from his room? And why does he groan as he bends to reach the gate-latch? And what has become of his brisk, swinging gait up the boardwalk? And why does not B. C. receive him, smiling, at the door? Why does she remain in that thick-padded armchair and stretch her hand out to him so slowly? And what is the use of using cologne where arnica has been?

"Miss Bennett," said Old Hundred, after a few wandering remarks,—(he always Miss-ed her),—"didn't I notice a bicycle standing in the hallway?"

"Why, Mr. Simmons! Didn't you know that I could ride?" asked B. C. with a radiant smile.

"Is it possible! Why, we must have a ride together!" cried the astonished tailor.

"Together, Mr. Simmons? Can you ride, too?" inquired B. C., with real amazement.

"Of course I can! That is—um—er—in fact, I'm learning. And I'm getting on well, excellently well, Mr. Spoketire says, for a man of my—er—I should say, excellently well. But how did you learn so soon?" Old Hundred asked, admiringly.

"Well, I can't say that I am through with my apprenticeship yet," confessed B. C., with a charming old blush, "but Mr. Spoketire says he hardly has to hold the machine at all, and he thinks I'm doing better than most girls do who are many years youn—that is, that I'm doing very well. I used to be helped into the saddle."

"So do I," admitted the tailor, honestly.

"But once in I have absolutely no trouble, provided the road is smooth and level, and Mr. Spoketire just keeps his hands on the machine, to kind of steady me, you know."

"I still find it a rather difficult task to dismount,—without letting the wheel fall, that is, Miss Bennett."

"Why, do you? The last time Mr. Spoketire helped me out he said I was as graceful as a young girl. Mr. Spoketire is so nice."

"Miss Bennett, we must go out together next week, and as soon as possible! Or, rather,—about Saturday, eh? We'll both be in better trim by then, you know."

"Without Mr. Spoketire, Mr. Simmons?"

"Of course. What do we want with that contemptible little dandy?"

B. C. smiled happily at the tailor's manifest jealousy yet smiled rather uneasily and fearfully. However, she agreed, with many a misgiving, and the next Saturday afternoon was fixed for the adventure.

Saturday dawned perversely fair, with roads outrageously perfect, and the afternoon saw our hero and heroine trundling their wheels through the village out to the Middleton Road. "We'll not ride through town," each eagerly agreed, "because people might laugh," which was very true.

The Middleton Road was an excellent stretch for the purpose, in prime condition, and little frequented. Old Hundred and B. C. walked out of sight of the village, chatting gayly, avoiding all mention of the wheel. At length it became impossible to deny that the right spot had been reached and with set faces they placed their bicycles in position.

"You must help me on, you know," said B. C. with a rather pale face, but brave withal, "Mr. Spoketire thinks it is still necessary!"

"Oh, yes! Why to be sure!" stuttered the little tailor, looking awkwardly around for something to lean his bicycle against, and at last laying it down clumsily in the middle of the road.

B. C. sprang into the saddle with an elephantine feint of girlish sprightliness, and the poor tailor's weak muscles were unable to prevent a most portentous swaying of the wheel.

"Mercy on us!" shrieked B. C. "Don't let me take a header before I start! and oh, Mr. Simmons, I shall be so grateful, if you will only hold on to the machine for a few steps, until I get started!"

"Certainly," granted Old Hundred, whose every muscle was taxed to hold the wheel upright.

B. C. started, the perspiring tailor trotting after, both hands clutching the saddle spring, contributing so materially in his awkwardness to the difficulty of the steering that the agonized maid in front soon cried back to him, "That will do. Thanks. Now mount and catch up!" and away sailed B. C. staggering all over the road.

Old Hundred trotted back to his wheel, picked it up, and glanced despairingly after the retreating safety. How could he ever catch up? But that query was merged in a greater one. Could he ever mount?

He made three attempts, each failure being hidden in a thicker cloud of dust, and inscribed in a deeper rent, somewhere. But what were clothes to a tailor? There was Miss Bennet's unsteady form just disappearing over the edge of the first little hill. He must catch up with her, or be her laughing stock forever. Luckily, a small boy just then came sauntering by, to whom he gave ten cents, with full directions, and was assisted off in much better shape than poor B. C. had been.

"Oh, that I were safe in my shop, sitting cross-legged on the table!" thought Old Hundred. "That bicycles had never been invented! That Miss Bennet were not so fond of them! How smart she is? Who would have thought it at her age!"

But just here a rut upset the train of his thoughts, and all but upset himself. The small boy, left behind, was chuckling with delighted amusement. How close the ditches seemed, and how fearfully deep! The machine, to the tailor's crazed apprehension, seemed insanely bent on plunging over the brink. His arms were pulled almost out of their sockets. Perspiration blinded his eyes. More and more wildly with each rut swayed the crazy bicycle, and whirled Old Hundred's dizzy brain. He came to the brow of the little hill, which seemed a fearful declivity. Old Hundred clinched his teeth and pushed back on the pedals, throwing on the brake with all his might. Just then he struck a loose stone, lost control of the wheel, and with closed eyes ran directly toward the side and upset. The little tailor rolled over and over down the hillside gully, and lay on top of his wheel at the bottom.

Slowly Old Hundred rose, and found to his intense relief that he had broken no bones. To his equally great relief he discovered that he had broken the bicycle. One pedal projected from the crank at a most astonishing angle.

A gay laugh rang out a few yards farther down the ditch, and lo! there on its bowldery side sat the stout-hearted B. C.; at her feet her tricky wheel!

A happy light shown in her eyes. "My wheel is broken!" said she, pointing to a handle-bar bent back some forty degrees.

"And mine, too," said the smiling tailor, showing the disaffected pedal. "Isn't it too bad! I'm afraid we'll have to go home."

With some toil they hoisted their bicycles to the road again, and set out for the town, trundling them happily.

And then it was that the tailor spoke these memorable words.

"Susy," said he, and Miss Bennett's brave old heart knew what was approaching. "Susy, you see how very unsteady these bicycles are, separate?"

"Very," said B. C., tremblingly.

"But suppose, Susie, one were to take two bicycles, like yours and mine, and put a couple of axles across, and a box on top, with two seats and a cover, what would that be, Susy?"

"A family carriage," said B. C; looking downward with a smile.

"Yes, Susy?" and it wouldn't tip over, but would run smoothly and safely, and wouldn't it be nice, Susy?" and Old Hundred tried to trundle with one hand, that he might use the right arm for another purpose, but it wouldn't work. "Wouldn't it be much nicer, Susy?"

Yes, Susy thought it would.

And so B. C. and Old Hundred walked happily back to town along that Middleton Road, henceforth blessed to them both, trundling the fateful bicycles, which alone had been equal to the ending of that long courtship.

Near town Spoketire whirled smartly up, and dismounted at sight of them.

"Had accidents, I see. Too bad. However, I can soon straighten that out."

"We have decided, Susy and I, Mr. Spoketire," said the bold tailor proudly "to sell our wheels, and we want you to act as agent. We'll leave them at your shop. You see, Mr. Spoketire, we have decided, Susy and I, to set up a family carriage."—Amos R. Wells in Yankee Blade.

HISTORICAL FALLACIES.

Most of Them Completely Exploded, But Some Still Survive.

Less than a century ago, in the time when man had not penetrated so deeply into the study of nature, there was a great deal of poetry and romance connected with animal life that had been slowly but surely driven out as the study advanced.

Travelers returning from unexplored regions told strange and incredible stories about the wonderful wild animals they had encountered; but investigation has rent asunder these fanciful tales and left only cold facts in their places.

I am the owner of a natural history written by one Riley and published about the year 1789. It is a quaint old book and its yellow leaves and odd type furnish the reader with a number of strange accounts. Among others may be found something like the following: "The digestive apparatus of the ostrich is said to be very strong indeed that hit not only being able to digest such things as stones, bits of glass and iron, but it is even said that it makes a good meal of a bed of live coals."

We laugh at such a statement, but no doubt at the time of publication it was stated for a fact.

What right have we to laugh? It is not long since almost every one believed the porcupine capable of shooting its quills like arrows, and regarded it an animal well able to defend itself against almost every foe, instead of the quiet, inoffensive little creature that curls itself in a ball at the first approach of an enemy, trusting solely to its spine-covered skin for protection.

Men who have lived only a short time before us did not question but what the pretty, graceful swallows that skimmed so lightly o'er the blue waters in summer buried themselves in the mud at the bottom of our rivers and ponds when the season was over to await the return of spring.

It has been but a short time since investigation has shown that the supposed happy family made up of the prairie dog, the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake is not only not a happy family, but does not exist at all. Our first idea was that these three animals, of such different habits, lived in perfect harmony, like the so-called happy families of the modern circus; but our faith in this belief is somewhat shaken by the following, which may be found in Wood's "Natural History:" "According to popular belief, those three creatures live very harmoniously together, but observation has shown that the snake and the owl are interlopers, living in the burrow because the poor owner can not turn them out and finding an easy subsistence on the young prairie dogs."

We were satisfied with this for a time, but judge the astonishment created when Elliott Coues, in one of his latest writings, makes the following statement in speaking of the burrowing owl: "I have found colonies in Kansas and in other States, in all cases occupying the deserted burrows of the quadrupeds, not living in common with them as usually supposed."

Naturalists are now telling us that the opossum does not play 'possum, but is nearly paralyzed with fear for the time being; articles are published every day in our ornithological papers and magazines, which go to prove that owls can see equally as well by day as by night. It is still an undecided question whether snakes "charm" their prey or not. In the Western backwoods these old stories are still believed in; the ignorant classes cling with fondness to them and will not learn anything different, and down in our own hearts do we not, all of us, cling to them, more or less? Do we not hate to give them up, and is it not with a little regret that we are forced to acknowledge that that the porcupine does not shoot his quills, that the bird of paradise really has feet and legs, and that our national bird, the white-headed eagle, is far from the noble bird we once thought him to be?—Forest and Stream.

When It Hurt.

An army surgeon in the late Civil war had occasion to lance an abscess for a poor fellow at Camp Douglass, and as the [illegible] use the knife twice. The operation [illegible] not a painful one, but the patient declared that it had nearly killed him, and when a third resort to the lancet was proposed he protested that he could never go through the operation alive.

The surgeon promised to make it easy for him and, calling up a few of the loungers ordered one of them to hold his hands close over the patient's eyes and two others to grasp his hands firmly.

"This arrangement," explained the doctor, "is said to prevent pain in such an operation. Now lie perfectly quiet, and when I say 'Now!' prepare yourself."

The surgeon at once began quietly with his work, and in a short time had completed the operation without the least trouble, the patient lying as quiet as though in sleep.

When all was done, the surgeon laid aside the knife and said, "Now!" Such a roar came from the lips of the sick man as seldom is heard from any human being He struggled to free himself, yelling, "O doctor, you're killing me!"

Shouts of laughter soon drowned his cries, and he was told that the operation had been all over before the signal was given. It was a good joke, but it is doubtful if the poor fellow could ever be made to believe that he did not feel actual pain immediately after that fatal "Now!"—Medical News.

Lifting Power of a Cyclone.

In his article on the frightful cyclones which visit the Bay of Bengal with surprising frequency, Mr. Elliott, meteorological reporter to the Government of Bengal, incidentally gives some curious figures to illustrate the cyclonic forces developed by such storms. The average daily evaporation registered by the Bengalese instruments is two inches. The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily over so large an area as the Bay of Bengal must necessarily be enormous. "Roughly estimated," says Mr. Elliott, "it is equal to the continuous working power of 800,000 steam engines of 1,000-horse power each." A simple calculation will show what it suffices to raise aloft over 45,000 cubic feet of water every twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bosom of the bay and transport it to the clouds above. When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to area of the whole Indian Gulf, the mind is lost in its efforts to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons.

The Railway Traveler's Nightmare.

The singular and various senses of words in the English language are seen in the following words and their meanings: A sleeper is one who sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper on the sleeper by striking the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

Forests in Alaska.

Unfortunately, from the point of timber, the Alaska forests, as far as I saw them, are of little value, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger. The trees grow so thickly together that, so far as the soil is concerned, they starve one another, and good logs would be very rare indeed. One can scarcely imagine from usual forest experience how closely these trees are packed together. I and my wife undertook to walk four miles by an Indian trail through one of these woods to a point where we might head off our vessel. So thick was the mass of vegetation on each side of us, the path being wide enough for us to travel single file only, that we could not have seen a bear ten feet away from us, and only for the rifle carried by the good Presbyterian missionary who piloted us we would not have trusted ourselves amid the jungle of foliage which made up these Alaska forests.

One reason for the dense covering of the land with trees is the favorable conditions for seed germination and the apparent scarcity of seed-eating creatures. The warm temperature given off by the Sea of Japan, which comes up southwesterly to break against Alaska shores, meets the snowy cold of the mountain peaks, condensing the moisture so that the surface of the ground, or indeed anything else, is never absolutely dry, and every seed that falls to the earth has a chance to sprout and grow. In the old Indian village were white spruce twenty feet high growing out of the top of totem poles. These poles are themselves thirty or forty feet high, and seem to have been selected from the largest trees. They are stripped of their bark, and have carved on them series of likenesses of creatures, real and imaginary, representing the genealogical descent of members of the tribe. It was a curious sight to see the white spruces, like huge Christmas trees, growing from the flat tops of these poles. In some cases the roots of these living trees had split the poles in their descent downward to the earth, into which the roots had in some cases so thoroughly penetrated that should the poles finally rot away the trees would probably on these stilts of roots continue to grow on as trees high up in the atmosphere. Nothing but a climate continually saturated with moisture would permit of seed sprouting and the tree continuing to grow out of the top of a pole in this manner.

Great Men as Eaters.

Great men are always credited with being abstemious in their eating and drinking, and the first Napoleon was no exception to the rule. Describing the food which was placed on his table to his physician, Dr. Atommarchi, he said: "Physicians have the right of regulating the table; it is fit I should give you an account of mine. Behold what it consists of: A basin of soup, two plates of meat, one of vegetables, a salad when I can take it, compose the whole service; half a bottle of claret, which I dilute with a good deal of water, serves me for drink; I drink a little of it pure toward the end of the repast. Sometimes, when I feel fatigued, I substitute champagne for claret; it is a sure means of giving a fillip to the stomach." The doctor having expressed his surprise at this temperate mode of living, he replied: "In my marches with the army of Italy I never failed to put in the bow of my saddle a bottle of wine, some bread and a cold fowl. This provision sufficed for the wants of the day; I may even say I often shared it with others. I thus gained time—the economy of my table turned to account on the field of battle. For the rest, I eat fast, masticate little; my meals do not consume my hours. This is not what you will approve the most; but in my present situation what signifies it?" He was referring here to his captivity at St. Helena.—Argonaut.

The Scotland Yard.

The late chief office of the police force is said to have derived its name of "Scotland yard" from the fact of its being the site of a palace in which the Kings of Scotland were received when they came to England. The Saxon King Edgar granted this portion of land to the south of Charing-cross, to Kenneth III., King of Scotland, in 959, and here the latter lived when he came to do homage to the English Crown. The palace reared on this spot was for a long time the town house, so to speak, of the Kings of Scotland, its last inhabitant being Margaret Queen of Scots, who visited London after the death of her husband at the battle of Flodden Field. The palace after this became neglected [illegible] as a palace terminated, and government officials then became its inhabitants.

Here the bard of "Paradise Lost" lived while occupying the position of Secretary to Oliver Cromwell, then Protector, and here Beau Fielding, Inigo Jones and Sir John Denham of Cooper's Hill notoriety, lived and died. At the beginning of the present century the palace court was held in Scotland Yard. When that came to an end nobody paid much attention to the place until Sir Robert Peel, in 1829, established the present metropolitan police force, the headquarters of which were fixed there.—Spare Moments.

How to Catch Mice.

"Traps? I can catch more mice with my hands than you can in traps." The assertion brought out a singular experience. "Yes, I can catch them with my hands. I whistle and sing to them and they will come in from the nooks and corners and halls into the middle of my room. I sing anything. Then I place a few crumbs in the middle of the floor, just enough for an appetizer. I walk around now and then, or rattle a paper, or move a foot, and they scatter away like mad. Instead of thrashing around after them I let them alone. They soon find out that nobody hurts them and they come back next day and bring their brothers, their sisters, cousins and their aunts. Whenever I whistle or sing they scamper into my room and begin to nose around. In a day or two they will get so impudent and reckless that they'll try and run up your trouser legs. Then you simply catch them and throw them out of the front window. That's the way I do. Kicking a newspaper on the floor at your feet will facilitate matters. They'll run under that paper. Then you can drop on them at once. Of course, I don't suppose a woman could approve of this method, but it is nevertheless a very successful one."—N. Y. Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

At the Picnic.

Mrs. Temple (to Bashful Jones)—See that pretty Miss Barlow over there? Step over and ask her to join our table.

Bashful Jones—But she seems enjoying herself, and I am afraid to interrupt her.

Mrs. Temple—Oh, make some nice apology to her, and that'll be all right.

Bashful Jones (a minute or two later)—Excuse me, Miss Barlow, I'm sorry to say that I've been told to ask you to join our lunch party. (Later, to Mrs. Temple)—No, she didn't come. She only said that if I felt as sorry as that, she would excuse me this time.—Detroit Free Press.

A FAMOUS SAYING.

The Incidents That Led Up to the Expression "A Long Time Between Drinks."

Every man in the United States is supposed to know what the "Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina," but possibly some do not know when and under what circumstances the famous remark was made. Nearly a century ago a man prominent in political affairs in North Carolina moved across the border and settled in South Carolina He had been there only a short time when he committed some small crime or misdemeanor, for which he was indicted. To escape arrest he returned to his old home in North Carolina. In due course of time the Governor of South Carolina issued his requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal.

The fugitive had rich and influential friends in his native State, and they interceded with the Governor until he refused to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence followed. Prominent men in South Carolina told the Governor that he had not been treated with proper official courtesy by the Governor of North Carolina. The result was that the South Carolina Governor, accompanied by a large party of friends and advisers, journeyed by stage to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, for a conference with the governor about the matter of giving up the criminal.

The governor of North Carolina with a large party of distinguished friends met the governor of South Carolina several miles from town and escorted them to the governor's mansion with all the ceremony due such distinguished visitors. Before the object of the visit was stated the entire party sat down to an elaborate dinner. After dinner wine was served and after wine came brandy—the applejack for which the old North State is famous. After many rounds of drinks the decanters and glasses were removed and the governor of South Carolina stated the object of his visit. He demanded the surrender of the fugitive criminal. The governor of North Carolina refused. Then followed a long and heated discussion, in which the attorney-generals of the two States took an active part.

Finally the Governor of South Carolina grew angry, and, rising to his feet, he said: "Sir, you have refused my just demand and offended the dignity of my office and my State. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State, and, returning with my army, I will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?"

All eyes were turned on the Governor of North Carolina, and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The Governor rose slowly to his feet and beckoned to his servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified, as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the Governor of South Carolina demanded: "What do you say?"

"I say, Governor, that it's a long time between drinks."

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought out again, and while the visitors remained, if any one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks.

When the visiting Governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the State line by the Governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends. The fugitive was never surrendered.—N. Y. Sun.

High Art in Vegetables.

In the show window of a Bowery store, near Spring street, is the bust picture of an ancient German baron. Although it is composed solely of fruit and vegetables, except the eyes, which are of glass, yet it is said to be a good likeness of the person represented. It is the handiwork of Mr. H. Merks, a local artist and rising sculptor.

Its head, which is quite shapely, is cut from a squash, two bulbous pears set just below the glass eyes form pudgy cheeks, while another pear between them answers for a somewhat robust nose. Two bunches of grapes represent the side whiskers, unfortunately of a purplish hue, but still realistic, while the lips and chin are shown by two small potatoes and a larger one respectively.

These surmount a muskmelon neck, which in turn is supported by a bust of various vegetables ingeniously arranged by a cunning man. A huge hand, which, by the way, largely consists of fingers, is made of one short and four long bananas. This holds a watermelon.

The whole is a piece of art and attracts much attention. Unfortunately there is not a hair on the head. But perhaps the ancient baron was perfectly bald.—New York Journal.

Hippopotami Still Plentiful.

The hippopotamus, though the object of attack for years by natives and travelers in the rivers of Africa within 26 degrees of latitude north and south of the equator. It ranks second to the elephant in weight, and is about fourteen feet long, including the tail, in large specimens. Its methods of defense is its powerful jaws, which, being armed with teeth of extraordinary size, make it an object to be dreaded.

The White Nile is famous for its man killing hippopotami. On one occasion some villagers were waiting the return of their sheik, who had been on a visit of ceremony across the river, when, to their horror, a large hippopotamus appeared, and, rushing upon the boat, seized it and the shiek, crushing both. On another occasion a man had entered the water to bathe, when a hippopotamus, which had been in concealment near by, rushed at him, biting him in two as a shark might have done. The action of the animal is simply wild rage, which causes him to attack anything without regard to size. A well-known official reported that all his boats had been damaged by these animals during three years' experience on the Nile.—Chicago Tribune.

Seemed Like Amos.

Silas Rodes was a strong, hard-working farmer; his brother Amos was a confirmed invalid, who three or four times a year had spells of expecting to die, but nevertheless always managed to live. Still he was really ill, and many thought him to be in considerable danger.

But while Amos was sick and expecting to die it chanced that the strong Silas did actually die very suddenly. A messenger carried the sad news to his sister Elvira, a grim spinster, who lived in a distant part of the town.

She heard the message with some incredulity.

"'Tain't Silas, ye mean; it's Amos," she said in reply.

"Why, no," answered the messenger. "I mean Silas. Amos is all right. It's Silas that is dead."

"Wal, p'r'aps it's so," was the reluctant rejoinder, "but I wouldn't ha' b'leeved it o'Silas; 't seems a good deal more like Amos."—Lewiston Journal.

Singular Signs.

In the Isle of Man, over the shop of a barber who supplies customers with all kinds of fishing tackle, the writer was amused to read the following: "Piscatorial Repository, Tonsorial Artist, Physiognomical Hairdresser, Cranium Manipulator and Capillary Abridger, Shaving and Haircutting with Ambidextrous Facility, Shampooing on Physiological Principles." On a signboard in the town where the writer lives may be read this phonetic announcement: "Shews Maid and Men dead Hear," and when we add that it is over a cobbler's shop, the reader may discover its meaning.—Chamber's Journal.

Good Ground for Unbelief.

Father—Come, Johnny, do as I bade you! Take off your coat this instant.

Johnny—You ain't goin' to lick me, are you?

Father—Certainly I am. Didn't I tell you this morning I would pay you off for your behavior?

Johnny—Yes, but I didn't think you'd do it. You told the grocer and the butcher you'd pay 'em off last week and I know you let up on them.—Boston Courier.

Musical Fish of Ceylon.

Every bay and inlet on the coast of Ceylon abounds with musical fish. Their song, if it may be called a song, is not one sustained note like a bird's, but a multitude of tiny, soft, sweet sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, something like the vibrations of a wine glass when its rim is rubbed with the moistened finger. In the harbor at Bombay, India, there is a fish with a song like the sound of an Æolian harp.

And They Are Very Numerous.

Many of the fools think they can beat the lawyer in expounding the law; one-half think they can beat the doctor in healing the sick; two-thirds of them think they can beat the minister preaching the gospel, and all of them know they can beat the editor in making a newspaper.—Phrenological Journal.

A. T. STEWART AND WIFE.

"JOE" HOWARD'S REMINISCENCES OF THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

Some Incidents of His Early Life—How He Made His Start—His First Meeting With Miss Clinch—Their Married Life. Her Valuable Aid to Him.

(Copyright, 1891, by The United Press.)

Mr. Stewart's early life was one of privation and self-abnegation. His store had precedence of his house. He thought and talked more of his shop than of all other things. Society had no charms for him outside of society's patronage of his shelves. As he lived so lived his wife. Together they planned and worked. Her taste was excellent and his was admirable, and, in better years, long after success had perched on his banner of thrift and enterprise, the great merchant admitted that much of his exceptional good fortune was due to the helpfulness of the young woman who gave him not her hand alone, but with it her head, which was well stored with mother wit and much good sense. It is an error to suppose that Mr. Stewart was poor when he began trade in this city. He was not rich; indeed, his fortune could have been counted inside of $2,500 but he was not literally worth nothing. Had he been a beggar, it is not probable he would have found a welcome in the home of Mr. Clinch, a veteran merchant, whose daughter he subsequently married. Although Mrs. Stewart's name would probably never have been known to fame had she not been the wife of the millionaire merchant, she had many qualities and had done many things that entitled her not only to respectful mention but to a status on the plane of noted American women.

She shared the early struggles of her husband in his little retail store, his privations while he earned his first few thousands, and his means, as he moved from place to place, until his final step into his marble palace on Fifth Avenue was taken. Her early life was not one of penury, disappointment, privation or lack in any line of desire or even of luxury. Her father was a man of wealth, a ship chandler of good mercantile standing, who lived with his family in a large house some fifty feet front on Duane street, this city, when Stewart first met Cornelia, whom he subsequently married. The old man had many peculiarities, one of which was a violent temper. He was a self-made man and regarded his creator with entire satisfaction. He brought his children up well, and gave them an admirable education. The venerable Deputy Collector Clinch, who was so long and favorably known to the merchants of this city, was a brother-in-law of Mr. Stewart who shared with Mrs. Stewart the parental interest of the old ship chandler.

I am told that Cornelia was a very bright, pretty girl, noticeable for the grace of her figure and the elegance of her manner. She was frank and open hearted, and in those days, when Duane street was far up town, was among the leading belles of good society. When Mr. Clinch first made Mr. Stewart's acquaintance, they [illegible]sant Square, then the centre of what might be called a small village on a country stage road lying out on the open green fields with the city half a mile away.

There Stewart first met the lady who was subsequently to be his wife. He made her acquaintance and attended that church because she went there. Stewart's family originally designed him for a preacher, and a Methodist at that, but he was swerved from that course by an old friend, who took him to a Quaker meeting house, and afterward obtained such influence with him that many years after, when Stewart had forgotten all about the Quakers and was a regular attendant in the Episcopal Church, his intimates were fond of saying that the best way to get a favor from Stewart was to ask it through an old Quaker lady, whose acquaintance he had made in his early youth. Along about 1819 or 1820, when the acquaintance of Miss Clinch and Mr. Stewart had ripened from friendship into intimacy, they became engaged, and, after Mr. Stewart had returned from Ireland, where he went to obtain a small inheritance that was left him, he married and took his bride to a little house which was standing, as late as 1878, on Reade street, about twenty-five feet front and two stories high. The change from the spacious mansion of her father to the little home provided by her husband, was very great, but the love-light in her husband's eyes—imagine love-light in old Stewart's eyes—although they do say, however—the love-light aforesaid in her husband's eyes made up for the loss of the waxen candles of her father's candelabra, and, hand in hand the two started on the path of dry goods life together. Although in later years, when the old man had become a millionaire and his business ramified the world, Mrs. Stewart became also a woman of expanded ideas and wide-spread influence, in those earlier days she was as much a merchant as her husband. She was admirably adapted to him in one sense. She was a business woman. She understood what he understood. She studied what he studied, and her mind entered into the studies of components and textures and the origin of goods with as keen an insight and as active an interest as his. She never needed to have a thing told her twice. She was a woman of action rather than of words. She encouraged her husband in all his expansion; she shared in and congratulated him on his successes and sympathized in his disappointments. His scrupulous methods were ingrained in her nature. His infinite economies became part of her life and character. Together they read and familiarized themselves not only with the fabrics in which he dealt, but in the elegance and refinement of the position in which she was born and toward which he was climbing. She had ever been a woman of great inquisitiveness.

She had an encyclopedic mind, and was not content until she had mastered the inside of the manufacture and preparation of articles in which her husband's interests lay. Her habits were simple, her tastes refined, but, although she had been brought up in a home where money was easy, she accommodated herself to the narrow circumstances of her husband, and aided him more than all his other aids combined in laying the foundation for his early fortune. Singular as it may seem, she understood much better than the average politician the tariff laws, and when her husband accepted the tariff movement, which resulted in his establishing factories in this country, and eventually in taking the deep interest he did in bringing up the grade of American silks, carpets, cashmeres, she stood beside him in investigation as well as in consummation. She talked intelligently; she argued sensibly.

They had two children, one of whom died a few hours after birth, the other at the age of a few months. This was the other disappointment of her life, which chanced at a time when they were abundantly able to care for a family, and it seemed strange to her that people whose means were small and whose circumstances limited should have the pleasure of bringing up children, while she, whose means were then practically unbounded, and whose woman's heart yearned for objects of love and care, should lose the only child she ever had. Precisely how the old fellow felt, my informant deposeth not, but from the fact that he took great care of quite a number of other people's children during and after his life-time, I assume that he, too, felt the blow very keenly. The domestic life of Mrs. Stewart, like that of all prominent people, was for half a century, a subject of curiosity and the topic of gossips. It was widely circulated for years before the death of old Stewart, that his home life was unhappy, and that he cared nothing for his wife. Mr. Libby, a personal friend and partner for many years, at one time, in speaking of the intercourse of Mr. Stewart and his wife, said that in all his life he had never encountered a couple more happily mated than they, that she always called him "Honey" and by no other name, and that his invariable and never perfunctory style of address was "My dear." Although Mr. Libby was an intimate in their family for a quarter of a century, he never heard their voices raised beyond the pitch of ordinary conversation, nor did he ever observe a disagreement between them, so that, upon the whole, the flow of their love was greatly to be envied. In these days of domestic discord, it is pleasant to report this, which carries conviction with it against the contemptible gossip current about the Stewarts in their time.

In the early days of the late war Mrs. Stewart joined her husband in an earnest, practical and unflagging support of the Union. She took great interest in the Sanitary fair, and, while her name was rarely, if ever, seen on subscription papers, it was well-known at the time that her charities were as bountiful as they were unostentatious. She grew as their fortune expanded. When they moved from their little down-town house to a more pretentious dwelling on Fifth avenue, their means warranted an indulgence in works of art, pictures, books, statuary, elegant furniture and beautiful adornments, and the woman's instinct, which had been restrained by the necessities of her husband's fortune only, in their younger days, now came to the front, and Mrs. Stewart was as notable for the lavishness of her expenditure as in other days she had been marked by the economies of her outlay. One act of her husband's life to which she did not give hearty co-operation was the erection of the marble building from whose spacious halls the coffin of the builder was so soon to be carried. It was Mr. Stewart's desire and intention to erect a mansion which should be a monument to the architectural genius of the day, and, when it is remembered that millions were spent for the land, the building and the appointments, [illegible] could be potent, his purpose was executed. In connection with the building of that marble pile, a very unpleasant story is told of Stewart's dealing with the man who furnished the marble. According to report, the contract was made for a certain price. It was during the hard times, when everybody was scraping and worrying, and the contractor soon found that he was not only not going to make money by the operation, but was likely to lose everything he had. He laid the facts before Mr. Stewart, who coolly replied that he had nothing to do with that; that, if the affair had gone in another direction so that the contractor would have made treble or quadruple what his anticipation was, he, Stewart, would have been no way benefited, but would have been bound by his contract. Later on, the contractor came to him and told him that he had spent every dollar he had and he had yet much to do. Whereupon Stewart said that he would advance him the money upon a mortgage, and did so. The man went on and completed his agreement, and then, never dreaming that Mr. Stewart cared to hold the quarry, went to him hoping to be thanked and have things made easy, instead of which Mr. Stewart told him he must have either his money or the quarry. The contractor told his wife of it, and she said: "Why, nonsense, Mr. Stewart cannot be such a man as that. I will go down with you." They went together, and, as the gossip runs, Mr. Stewart's response to the womanly interest of her husband was so brutal that the man fell dead in the office. How much truth there is in that story I do not know, but it is very generally believed, and I have heard it in many places. If it is true, it is simply an illustration of the fact that with Mr. Stewart at all times and in all places business was business; what he gave, he gave, what he loaned he loaned, but what he advanced on a mortgage he held unless the money was repaid. It is well known that Mrs. Stewart was very fond of their old home on Fifth avenue, and gorgeous as the new one was, regal in its port, sumptuous in its adornment and wonderful in its convenience, the Stewarts in it passed no happy days. Hardly had they moved in when the sapping of the old man's nature began, terminating in that imposing ceremony which bore his coffined bones to the churchyard so soon thereafter desecrated.

JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.

Hired to Name Cars.

There is a young man in one of the offices of each of the great sleeping car companies who is engaged every day except Sunday, of course, in bending over an atlas serching for suitable names for the sleeping, dining and parlor coaches which are turned out by the company. It is no small matter when you come to understand that every name must signify something, and that there are already on the road many hundreds of such coaches, and many new ones being turned out at the rate of 200 or 300 a year. When the first sleepers were built the owners took the alphabet, lettering the first one "A," and so on until the alphabet run out. Then commenced the search for names.

The first sleepers to be named were those run on the Pennsylvania limited between New York and Chicago. They were named for the various nations, America being the first one chosen. The original sleepers are (those first named): America, England, France, Russia, Scotland, Germany, and so on. The instruction to the young man whose business it is to keep up the list is to get short names where they have any significance, keeping in minds at the same time those which are most euphonious.

Blizzard.

The directories of Lancashire, London, and elsewhere prove one "Blezard," "Blizard," and "Blizzard" (all signifying "blow hard") were English surnames before the word was applied in America to natural phenomena, and Mr. Theodore Watts has proved that even this application is but the revival of an old English use. No American can dispute facts, and in differentiating the nomeclature of storms and christening the worst storm "blizzard," we but enjoy our own again.—The Athenæum.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

My Heart and I.

My heart and I—most dearly bound were we;
Unite in joy, and knit more close by pain,
Till on a day Love, smiling tenderly,
Before I knew, was quick my heart to gain
Away from me.

I would not pass such weak surrender by,
Nor yield their power, I thought in scornful strength;
(The while my Heart with Love plead earnestly),
Until in mortal strife came we at length,
My Heart and I.

Oh, I was strong. Well did I strive and try
To still with fierce impatience its wild beat,
Till I had won—and bleeding piteously
My Heart lay crushed and broken at my feet
Without a cry.

And I? 'Twas but a trifling wound I bore,
And slight—I never recked of hurt to me;
Yet daily grows it keener, more and more,
With haunting pain; I may not cure nor flee
A wound so sore!

The world but sees our joys—It has no way
To trace the shadow of a broken heart
Beneath the mask, the smile so light and gay;
It could not know, so well I played my part
From day to day.

No peace by day, no rest by night I know,
So can I see, as the young year grows old,
That I have been the conquered, and the blow
That slew my Heart—my Heart so dead and cold—
Has laid me low!
—Transcript.

How to Get to the North Pole.

We may seem fully entitled to draw the conclusions that a current is constantly running across the polar region somewhere north of the Franz Josef land from the sea north of the Siberian coast and Behring strait, and into the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland. Since such a current exists, the most natural way of reaching the north pole, or a point quite near it, must be to enter the current on the side where it runs northward, that is, somewhere near the New Siberian Islands, and let it carry us straight across those unknown regions which it has prevented so many from reaching. I shall build a wooded ship as small and strong as possible; it shall be just big enough to carry provisions for twelve men for five years, besides the necessary coal; a vessel of about 200 tons will suffice. The most important feature of the ship will be that she will be built on such lines as will give her the greatest power of resistance to the pressure of the floe ice. Her sides must not be perpendicular, as those of ships generally are, but must slope from [illegible] be made great, so that the floes shall get no hold of her when they are pressed together, but will glide downward along her sides and under her, thus tending to lift her out of the water. While this vessel, and a crew of ten or twelve strong and well picked men, besides an equipment for five years as good in all respects as modern appliances can afford, I think the enterprise has a good prospect of success.—Dr. Fridj. of Nansen, in the Forum.

Birds Hate Loud Colors.

Dr. C. C. Abbott says that in experimenting on the intelligence of birds he placed a number of pieces of woolen yarn—red, yellow, green, purple and gray in color—near a tree in which a couple of Baltimore orioles were building their nest. The pieces of yarn were all exactly alike except in color. There was an equal number of threads of each color, the red and yellow being purposely placed on top. The birds chose only the duller colors, taking all of the gray and a few threads of the purple when then the nest was nearly done.

Not a single thread of the red or bright yellow was touched, the birds seeming to instinctively know that such loud colors would make their domicile too conspicuous. Again he experimented by girdling the branches upon which nests were located, causing the leaves to shrivel and blow away. Although they had laid their eggs, the birds invariably left their nests. If the nests contained young when the leaves dried up, notwithstanding the exposure, they would feed the little ones until they were able to take care of themselves.—Philadelphia Record.

Old Cures for Insomnia.

To bedward be ye merry, or have merry company about you, so that, to bedward, no anger nor heaviness, sornes nor pensifulness do trouble or disquiet you. To bedward and also in the morning, have a fire in your chamber, to waste and consume the evil vapors within the chamber, for the breath of man may putrefy the air within the chamber.

In the night, let the windows of your house, specially of your chamber, be closed; when you be in your bed, lie a little while on your left side, and sleep on your right side. And when you do wake of your first sleep, then sleep on the left side, and, look, so often as you do awake, so often turn yourself in the bed from one side to the other.

To sleep on the back upright is utterly to be abhorred. When that you do sleep, let not your neck, neither your shoulders, neither your hands, nor feet, nor no other place of your body, lie bare undiscovered. Sleep not with an empty stomach, nor sleep not after that you have eaten meat, one hour or two after.—Boorde's Breviary of Health, 1542.

Strongest Man in Geogia.

Bartow Fluker, a negro well known in Fort Valley several years ago on account of his herculean strength, was shot and killed by Marshall Goodbread, of Jesup, Ga., last Friday. Many of the older residents here remember Bartow well when worked for Mr. C. H. Miller, and often went to Mr. Miller's factory to see him display his strength in handling the heavy goods manufactured there. Bartow could handle a 500-pound barrel of lead with as much ease as most men could a 200-pound keg.

He was said to be the strongest human in the State, and really did not know his strength.

A supervisor of the Southwestern Railroad told a Leader reporter that Bartow thought nothing of picking up and shouldering a 400-pound frog whenever he chose, which usually took two men to handle.

He is no more, however, and the next strongest man in Georgia is now the champion, but his name is not known.—Fort Valley (Ga.) Leader.

Spoils the Effect.

It always spoils the effect of the sermon on a man when he intends to put a nickel on the plate and absentmindedly puts on a quarter.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1891.

Republican Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Auditor General,

DAVID M. M. GREGG, of Reading.

For State Treasurer,

JOHN W. MORRISON, of Pittsburgh.

COUNTY TICKET.

District Attorney,

MAHLON H. STOUT, Doylestown boro.

Prothonotary,

EDW. S. STACKHOUSE, Doylestown twp.

Jury Commissioner,

JOHN G. WEINBERGER, Milford.

Director of Poor,

ABRAHAM F. MYERS, Bedminster.

Delegates to Constitutional Con.

HENRY LEAR, Doylestown borough.

SAMUEL C. EASTBURN, Middletown.

THE Democrats of Pennsylvania in Convention assembled adopted a platform in which, unlike their Ohio brethren, they refrain from raising an issue on National questions They want to fight the battle on State lines, and say that "the election of 1891 in Pennsylvania involves no issue of Federal politics." They make all the capital possible out of the Bardsley scandal, and the resolutions relative to the crimes of the Philadelphia City Treasurer, with a large amount of verbiage and repetition constitute the bulk of the platform. They declare in favor of a Constitutional Convention, demonstrating the blindness of the delegates to the public sentiment that exists against that scheme. Taken as a whole the platform is principally on the arraignment of dishonest public officials, but no mention is made that Republicans unearthed the crimes and punished the criminals. Dishonesty is liable to creep into the best regulated parties, but the party that punishes dishonesty in its own ranks is safe to tie to.

THE political fight in Ohio is being waged on National lines. The silver question and the tariff question are the principal points at issue. Major McKinley, the author of the tariff bill, being the Republican candidate for Governor, is especially assailed by the Democratic organs and stump speakers and he is making a vigorous and effective himself to discussing the tariff, but he is making the Democrats sick on the free silver plank they put in their platform. He invaded a Democratic stronghold last Saturday and spoke to an audience of 3000 in Coshocton county, fully one-half of whom were Democrats. He exposed the free coinage heresy fully, and addressing himself particularly to the old soldiers he declared that the free coinage of silver would take $27,000,000 from the pension rolls every year.

Conservative estimates place Major McKinley's majority at 20,000.

THE signs of the times point to the triumphant victory of the Republican party this fall. This is not a calamity year. Our friends, the enemy, are mightly encouraged when business is poor, when crops fail and when labor is not sufficiently rewarded. This year immense crops are harvested, and the farmer is consequently happy. While the wheat crop in America has been unprecedented, its failure in Europe has created a sharp demand for that staple cereal, and excellent prices are being obtained. The fruit farmers have been blessed with abundance of fruit, and remunerative prices are received. The fall trade in the business world opens out briskly and the factory wheels are spinning day and night. All good Republicans rejoice over the prosperity of the country, while the calamity preachers of the Democratic party are deprived of their stock in trade.

HON. JOHN W. BOOKWALTER, the millionaire manufacturer of turbine water wheels, at Springfield, Ohio, has bought 60,000 acres in Nebraska, whereon he proposes to establish several agricultural communities or villages, selling a plot of land to each householder, and none to be more than one or two miles from the central village, where its owner will live. The plan aims to combine the advantages of village and farm life. The system is largely followed in Europe, and we do not see why it should not be successful in this country. The isolation of American farm life is one of its chief drawbacks, and a frequent cause of insanity, especially among women. Wherever the plan of farm villages could be adopted it would add much to the comfort and happiness of the farmer's family.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Democratic howl that the poor man's tin kettle by reason of the McKinley tariff would advance in price, the facts are just the opposite; tin-ware is cheaper now than a year ago. Queer, isn't it?

THE American hog is again welcomed into Germany, and hog-producers are consequently happy.

THE Republican party legislates in favor of the American factory; the Democratic party for the foreign factory.

A CONSIGNMENT of watermelons from Cincinnati to England is one of the novelties of agricultural exportation this season.

THE campaign in Ohio is being fought on National issues. The Republican platform is in favor of good money and plenty of it. The Democrotic, lots of money, the more the better, and quality no consideration. The McKinley tariff bill is also on trial, the Republicans upholding that measure, and the Democrats yelling for reduction.

HON. JOHN P. GREEN, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a colored man. Mr. Green is a lawyer of brilliant attainments and fine reputation. He is also the possessor of a fair share of this world's goods. He has represented the county in which he resides two terms in the State Legislature, and is a candidate for State Senator on the Republican ticket this fall. Mr. Green is also the author of the bill making Labor Day a legal holiday.

On last Sunday morning Mr. Green went to Cincinnati. He was especially invited to that town to participate in the Labor Day celebration by the Amalgamated Council of Trades. He put up at the Gibson House. He was assigned a room, and went into the dining room and took his dinner. There is no mention made that anybody's feelings were hurt. Being a gentleman he acted as a gentleman, and conducted himself with as much propriety as any of the guests there assembled. But when Mr. Green started into the public dining room for supper he was told that he would have to take his meal in another room. He objected and reported at the office. At the office he was told that he could not eat in the public dining room. He thereupon paid his bill and went to the Burnet House.

The insult soon became known. The Labor Committee were especially indignant and reported the matter to a number of Republicans. The upshot of the whole affair is that the rooms secured at the Gibson House for Major McKinley were at once cancelled and quarters secured for him at the Burnet House, where the next Governor of Ohio was duly escorted upon his arrival in the city.

Thus the attempt to degrade Mr. Green not only failed, but resulted in the pecuniary injury of those who sought to humiliate him.

THE BEST ADVERTISING.—The most efficient advertising in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that which comes from the medicine itself. That is, those who are cured by it, speak to friends suffering similarly, who in turn derive benefit and urge others to try this successful medicine. Thus the circle of its popularity is rapidly widening from this cause alone, and more and more are becoming enthusiastic in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla as it actually demonstrates its absolute merit. All that is asked for Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it be given a fair trial If you need a good blood purifier, or building up medicine, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

NAVAL HOUSEKEEPING.

BLESSINGS OF THE OFFICERS' MESS ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

An Arrangement That Is in Reality Almost a State of Ideal Communism. How Co-operation On Big Ships Enables Well Paid Men to Live Cheaply.

Naval officers below the rank of commander, with salaries varying from $1,000 to $3,500 a year, manage to maintain a degree of style that to the ordinary civilian no better off seems absolutely mysterious. Not only must a naval officer keep himself supplied with the half dozen styles of uniform enjoined by the government, but he must be able when ashore to present a decent appearance in civilian's attire; he must stop at good hotels; he must associate with civilians of social position corresponding to his own, and if he has a wife and children he must maintain them in good style. All this is made possible largely by means of that species of domestic communism known as co-operative housekeeping. The officers' mess aboard ship is nothing more or less than such a species of communism.

When a mess is made up aboard ship each man in the combination contributes a certain sum for the purchase of supplies. If he happens at the moment to be short of funds he may draw two months' pay in advance. The common fund is placed in the hands of a caterer chosen from the mess, and the supplies are purchased in bulk and at the lowest possible cost. Thus the mess is started. The caterer makes careful calculations, allowing for breakage and other losses, adds a small percentage of profit and then retails his supplies at prices considerably below current rates ashore.

Creme de menthe, popularly known as green mint, is a highly popular cordial among naval officers, and, in fact, is said to have been first called to the attention of the discriminating American public by the mess of a United States man-of-war. Green mint retails in saloons and even in clubs at fifteen cents per glass, but the mess rate aboard ship is ordinarily just one-half that price. The price of the best champagne in a well managed mess is usually under $2 per quart. The price ashore is from $3.50 to $3.75. The best imported cigars are retailed to the mess at from 40 to 50 per cent. below shore prices.

CHEAP LIVING.

There are ordinarily two officers' messes below decks aboard a United States ship, the wardroom mess and the steerage mess. The latter is for midshipmen and other juniors. The captain messes alone in solemn state, and if the vessel be a flagship the admiral may have his own separate table. The cost of living in the wardroom mess is ordinarily from thirty-five to forty dollars a month, exclusive of wines and cigars. All transactions are on the credit system. Whenever a bottle of wine or a cigar is ordered the purchaser "writes a chit" of the amount.

These chits are summed up at the end of the month and payment is made either directly by the debtor or through the paymaster. No chit is given for meals, and each officer is entitled to take guests on board to breakfast or dinner as often as he will. At the end of the cruise the profits of the mess are divided pro rata among the members, and if the ship goes out of commission whatever stock of stores is on hand is either auctioned off to the officers or sold to the mess of some other ship.

Whenever an officer is detached from a ship before the end of the cruise or before the mess breaks up, he settles accounts with the mess caterer. If he has been moderate in the use of wines and cigars he may carry off a handsome share of profits.

The beauty and economy of the mess system is best shown on long cruises. At certain intervals United States ships make the cruise through the Mediterranean and Red seas, down the east coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, westward to Montevideo or Rio, and possibly thence homeward. The voyage to Rio may occupy nine months or a year, and if there has been no loitering in luxurious Mediterranean ports the trip will have been highly economical for all on board. For seven or eight months the total cost of living may be under fifty dollars per month for each officer. As pay ranges from $100 to 300 per month it is easy to estimate the possible saving.

AN OFFICER'S SAVINGS.

The wise officer who has started such a cruise with nothing against him on the government's books reaches Montevideo or Rio with from $500 to $2,000 to his credit in the paymaster's hands. To be sure, there are entertainments to be returned at ports where foreign ships or foreign army hosts are encountered; but men's hospitality aboard ship is a vastly cheaper thing than hospitality ashore.

It's the savings of a long cruise that enable naval officers to live well ashore, to maintain their families in moderate comfort and to indulge in the luxury of leave or shore duty, with the accompanying decrease in pay. In fact sea pay is purposely made higher than any other upon the theory that the officer, if he has a family, must maintain them in a separate establishment ashore, whereas it is taken for granted that with shore duty he shall manage to have his family at the same station with himself. All this sometimes works an apparent hardship, for shore duty does not always include quarters sufficient for a family, and the officer finds himself with decreased pay and increased expenses.

The mess caterer is a person not to be envied. He must engage servants, see to the purchase of stores, consult individual tastes as far as possible, and hear with what patience he may the grievances of a dozen or perhaps a score of men. If the beer gives out between Aden and the next port, he must endure the curses of the thirsty. If the wine turns sour in the tropics, he is criticised as an injudicious buyer. It frequently happens in Haytian waters that no fresh meat is obtainable for weeks together. Baked beans were substituted for meat by one ship cruising in these waters, and all on board returned with a horror of the favorite New England dish.—New York Sun.

A Fish Wheel.

A machine for taking fish by the wholesale is employed in North Carolina. It is called a "fish wheel" and is worked like an ordinary water wheel by a narrow stream that is permitted to give outlet to a dammed stream. But it is so constructed that in revolving it picks up all the fish that pass through and throws them into a great box. In the same state is operated what is termed a "fish slide," which is simply an enormous tray made of boards, with a bottom of open slats, set in the flow of a rapid. As the fish come downstream they pass on over the tray, and the water falling through the slats leaves them flapping about on the planks, whence they are scooped up with dip nets.—Washington Star.

Is Tennyson a Great Poet?

Is Tennyson a great poet? Your reply to that will depend on whether you think the Nineteeth century is a great century. For there can be no doubt that he represents the century better than any other man. The thoughts, the feelings, the desires, the conflicts, the aspirations of our age are mirrored in his verse. And if you say that this alone prevents him from being great, because greatness must be solitary and independent, I answer, "No;" for the great poet does not anticipate the conceptions of time. He anticipates it in the heart of the people, and says it so beautifully, so lucidly, so strongly, that he becomes their voice.

Now, if this age of ours, with its Renaissance of art and its catholic admiration of the beautiful in all forms, classical and romantic; with its love of science and its joy in mastering the secrets of nature; with its deep passion of humanity protesting against social wrongs and dreaming of social regeneration; with its introspective spirit searching the springs of character and action; with its profound interest in the problems of the unseen and its reaction from the theology of the head to the religion of the heart—if this age of ours is a great age, then Tennyson is a great poet, for he is the clearest, sweetest, strongest voice of the century.—Rev. Dr. Van Dyke in Century.

Taming Humming Birds.

Humming birds are generally supposed to be extremely timid and almost untamable, but when their confidence is won, which is an easy matter to those who understand them, they are very fearless, and the loveliest little pets in the world. We tame them nearly every season, and they come to us anywhere around the place, and when the doors are open make themselves perfectly at home, even in the house. A year or two ago I called my wife's attention to the first one of the spring, as we were sitting on the piazza, and when I called him he came at once and examined each of us carefully, and then flew off.

I saw at once that it was one of our pets of the previous year, so I went in and prepared a small bottle of sugar and water, and it was but a few minutes before he returned and at once took his dinner, as he had been accustomed to. Unfortunately, he had a mate who was bossing him and who dragged him northward after he had paid us but two or three visits.—Forest and Stream.

The Tips Count Up.

"That's a fine place," said an acquaintance, as we rolled past a pleasant mansion in a Brooklyn street car.

He was right. The house was large and high and well appointed, speaking of an ample fortune and a well informed taste. Broad porches in front and at the side communicate with the front walk and with the garden. A beautiful garden this, not apparently "skimped" in size by the fact that the land was worth $4,000 a city lot. There was space enough in it for the very pretty landscape gardening effects, for a profusion of flowers and some little fruit.

"It is, indeed," I replied. "Do you know the owner?"

"Yes," replied my acquaintance, with a little chuckle, "he's a waiter in Delmonico's, or was, rather."—New York Cor. Pittsburg Leader.

Presence of Mind.

A newspaper correspondent sometimes has to undergo, in this prosaic age of the world, personal perils not unlike those which, in former times, the military spy was constantly falling into. Under such circumstances of peril he must have his wits about him.

The late Laurence Oliphant, a journalist and man of letters, was once the correspondent of the London Times, which, in France, was a hated paper. He attended a revolutionary meeting at Lyons, where the population had begun to commit desperate excesses.

He knew French so well, and had so cleverly assumed the guise of a workingman, that he was not suspected; but suddenly a rumor was announced to the meeting that an emissary of the brutal London Times was there.

At once the mob was in an uproar, and loud cries resounded of "Cherchons-le! a la mort! a la riviere!" (Let us find him! kill him! to the river with him!)

Oliphant jumped to his feet with a look of overwhelming indignation, shouting at the top of his voice, "Cherchons-le! Moi, je le connais de vue!" (Let's find him! I know him by sight!)

Under cover of this zeal, and hunting everywhere for the detested Englishman, he made his escape.—Youth's Companion.

STAGE HEART DISEASE.

How a Leading Actress Learned the Symptoms of the Dread Malady.

It is not always easy to make one's observations. I remember that on one occasion I experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining the subject I wished to study. It was at the time that Messrs. Shook & Palmer were about to produce "Miss Mutton" at the Union Square theatre. Miss Multon dies, but there is in the whole play no word which indicates the nature of the disease which causes her death.

After due consultation, the powers decided that the lady should die of heart disease; a very simple matter so far as the powers were concerned, but a very difficult matter to me, who had the part to play. I knew absolutely nothing of heart disease, nor could I find a single friend or acquaintance who could assist me.

I turned to the doctor, under whose care I then was, and asked his help. After some conversation he decided that angina pectoris was what I was looking for, as it seemed to adapt itself perfectly to the requirements of the character I described to him. He began by telling me something of the structure of the heart. He showed me some ugly pictures, too, that looked, to my eyes, like sections of ripe tomatoes with blue radishes growing through them. He taught me where my heart was located, and informed me that, in the ordinary stage gesture, when the hand seeks the heart, the aforesaid hand is something like a foot away from the sought-for organ. He minutely and repeatedly described to me the attitude and expression of one enduring, in speechless, almost breathless, agony, that awful torture called by doctors angina pectoris. This was to be used for the climax of the play. So far we had gone smoothly enough, but suddenly, to use a theatrical expression, the doctor "stuck."

He declared his utter inability to convey to me an idea of the manner in which a patient breathes when suffering from excitement or fatigue. That was unfortunate, for it was on that symptom I most relied to indicate to the audience what was Miss Multon's physical condition, her eloquent language making plain her domestic woes. I begged the doctor to show me how I should breathe, but he shook his head and said, "No, no! you must see a subject." At his next visit I saw he was vexed, and pretty soon he informed me that the only heart subject he had found was a man bearded to the eyes; but, said he, while he savagely buttoned his coat, "I'll find you a subject, or that man's beard shall come off, for you must see that movement of nostril and mouth."

Not more than two hours after there was a violent ring at the bell, and, glancing from the window and seeing the doctor's carriage, I hurried to the hall, and, looking down, saw a very cruel thing. The doctor and a woman were standing at the foot of the long, long staircase. Then he caught her by the arm, and, starting by her side, ran her up the whole long flight of stairs. Shall I ever forget that woman's face as she stood swaying, clinging to the door frame! Her ghastly, waxen pallor; the strained, scared look in her eyes; the dilating nostrils; above all, the movement of the muscles about the mouth, which contracted the upper lip at every hurtling, gasping breath!

The doctor pushed by her and hastily whispered, "You are a student and not well enough to attend"—I don't know whether he said class or lecture. I was only sure of the word student. So, burning with shame, I took my cue, and going forward I felt her pulse and asked her a few appropriate questions. We were alone then for a few moments, and she told me her pitifully commonplace little story. I questioned her closely as to how anger or surprise affected her, and finding she was very poor and had a child to care for, I slipped a bill into her hand as she rose to go.

She was thanking me quietly when her eyes fell upon the figure on the bill. Instantly over her neck, her face, her ears there flamed a color so fiercely, hotly red it seemed to scorch the skin. Her very wrists, where they were bared above her gloves, were red. Her hand flew to her side in the very gesture the doctor had been teaching me. She gave a little laugh, and nervously remarked: "I—I feel so you see—it was—the surprise that did it! Don't look so—frightened, miss. I haven't no pain. I ain't red, neither, am I, now?"

Heaven knows she was not. Her very lips were white. So, with thanks and pallid smiles, the poor soul removed herself and her fell disease from my presence, and I had received my second painful object lesson.

The night before the production of the play, in a spirit of mischief, I drew up a document for the doctor to sign, in which he acknowledged that in my study of heart disease he had been my teacher. For, said I, should the critics attack that part of my work, you will then have to share the blame. Laughingly I brought forth my document. Laughingly he signed it.

The critics did not attack, but I still keep the acknowledgment.—Clara Morris in North American Review.

Her Little Scheme.

Dealers in old furniture have some queer stories to tell about women. One is about a silk petticoated creature who greatly admired a certain quaint mahogany sideboard. She came into the shop and examined it carefully several times, and on one occasion abstracted a small portion of the carving.

On her next visit she offered the dealer a certain price, which was far below the one he had demanded, and at the same time said she had discovered that a piece of the woodwork was missing. The dealer dared not accuse her of the theft, but he is morally certain that she committed it, and tells the story in perfect good faith.—New York World.

Yet She Died and Left It.

The halls of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles's palace at Great Barrington, like the halls in the song, are marble halls. The electric lights are set in pillars of onyx and shed a refulgent glow, soft tinted by their passage through the stone. The music room is 50 feet long and 42 feet high, of quartered oak and paneled in stucco of ivory tint. Each panel contains a costly oil painting, an idea of the value of which may be had from the fact that one of them dropped from a freight car and in the settlement was valued at $10,000. The organ cost $75,000. There are forty rooms in the house and all are furnished in prodigal disregard for money.—Philadelphia Upholsterer.

Keeping the Rudder in Place.

To avoid the annoyance and danger of the accidentally unshipping of the rudder on small boats an English naval officer has devised safety fittings. With this arrangement the rudder can always be retained in place, notwithstanding any obstructions it may meet, and is designed to rise and fall when the boat goes around or passes over the river swells.—New York Journal.

An interesting relic of the past at old Pemaquid is a street thirty feet wide, paved with medium sized flat stones raised in the middle and having good gutters and curbs of large stones, besides a fine sidewalk 11½ feet wide. The street was built in 1630.

Under the name of "Chattahs," a kind of umbrella hat or sunshade is made in India of the leaves of a palm or of the plantain leaf. Chattahs are worn by the plowmen, cowkeepers and coolies of Bengal and Assam.

In France the making of matches is a monopoly of the government, which farms out the privilege at a large figure, the result being that it costs much more to strike a light in that country than it does elsewhere.

To determine whether the joint of a sewer pipe leaks or not, wrap it with a piece of white cloth saturated with a solution of acetate of lead. If it leaks the cloth will become black.

The most costly gentlemen's hats of ordinary manufacture are those made at Panama of straw, which take six months to make and are sold at twenty-five dollars each.

Why the Wires Were Put Under Ground.

"A superstitious reverence for the dead accomplished years ago in China something that regard for the comfort and safety of the living, even when aided by judicial mandates and radical municipal methods, has been only partially able to accomplish in this country," said a telegraph lineman who was in the employ of the company that established the first telegraph line in China.

"The telegraph wires are placed under ground there, and if the company had not so disposed of them there would have been no telegraph lines in China to this day. Dead ancestors are held in peculiar reverence in that curious country, and the casting of a shadow upon the grave of an ancestor is looked upon by the Chinese as an insult not to be borne, and it is always resented with impetuous rage Now there are no cemeteries or general burying grounds in China, but every family's ancestors, particularly in the rural districts, are buried on the family premises.

"Consequently, every yard or garden is a receptacle of ancestral remains, and as China is thickly populated the revered bones of dead and gone Mongolian progenitors may be found resting beneath every few rods of earth When the telegraph company went to work to put up the poles on which to hang its wires, the workmen were embarrassed every little while by wrathful Chinamen, who would rush angrily upon certain poles and chop them to the ground, and warn the workmen, with much furious chatter, that they would put them up again at their peril. The cause of this interference was unknown to the workmen, who were at last forced to discontinue the work, and explanation was demanded by the authorities.

"Then it was learned that the poles that were cut down had cast a shadow some time during the day on the graves of revered ancestors of Chinamen, and the insult could be wiped out in no other way but by summarily removing the poles. It was found that this superstition was too sacred a one among the Chinese to be overcome by persuasion or bribery, and at last the telegraph company, as a matter of economy and self protection, laid their wires beneath the surface, where they have been ever since."—New York Sun.

Siam's Sacred Elephant.

The sanctity of a white elephant dates from the earliest period of Buddhist history. One of the proudest titles of the king of Siam is "Lord of the White Elephant." In 1882 a real white elephant, one who excelled all of his fellows in beauty, was brought into Bankok with all the pomp and ceremony that could possibly have attended the arrival of an emperor. He was quite an albino, the whole body being of a pale reddish color, with a few white hairs on the back. The iris of the eye, the color of which is held to be a good test of an albino, was a pale naples yellow, in fact more red than yellow.

The next day he was blessed and baptized in presence of the king and all the nobility. One of the high priests of the ceremony then presented the sacred beast a piece of sugarcane, on which was written the elephant's name in full. The beast readily devoured it—proof that he had accepted the honors conferred upon him. The following is a translation of the inscription that hangs over the stall of this sacred Siamese elephant:

"This elephant is a lineal descendant of the angels of the Brahmins. A perfect beast in color, hair and nails; a scion of a high and noble family; acquired by the power and glory of his majesty, the king of Siam. He is a source of power and an attraction for rain; the purest of pure crystal and of the highest value to his owner, our king." The elephant's constant companion is a white monkey from Ceylon.—St. Louis Republic.

—Sallow and leaden-hued complexions soon give place to the loveliest pink and-white, when the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is persisted in, and cosmetics entirely abandoned. Nothing can counterfeit the rosy glow of perfect health, which blesses those who use this medicine.

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We sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and if you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Jno. K. Young's Drug Store. Large size, 50c. and $1 00.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at John K. Young's Drug Store.

"I WAS troubled with catarrh for seven years previous to commencing the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It has done for me what other so-called cures have failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Balm seemed magical.—Clarence L. Huff, Biddeford, Me.

"AFTER trying many remedies for catarrh during past twelve years, I tried Ely's Cream Balm with complete success. It is over one year since I stopped using it and have had no return of catarrh. I recommend it to all my friends.—Milton T. Palm, Reading, Pa.

DON'T DO IT.

Said my physician, who for six months had doctored me for dyspepsia without success, when I told him I was going to try Sulphur Bitters, they will only make you worse. I did try them, and now I am a well man and can eat anything. Sulphur Bitters are a great foe to doctors.—George Bassett, N. Y. O. and H. R. Railroad.

A Foot and His Money Soon Part.

How true some of those old sayings are. A friend of mine paid a travelling quack $50 to cure him of Scrofula, from which he had suffered two years. He gave him a bottle of stuff which only aggravated the disease. When he went to consult him the second time, the quack had left for parts unknown. Upon learning the circumstances I recommended Sulphur Bitters. Five bottles cured him.—Editor Journal and Courier.

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We've been skipping Dress Goods. And such heaps and mountains of the new styles as sets you wondering where the end can be!

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Justa quick glance at another little corner to-day. We never had equal qualities in new goods for less money.

36-inch fancy Knickerbocker Suitings, medium and dark shades, at 25c.

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36-inch Camel's Hair Cheviots, all dark shades, at 37½c.

36-inch Camel's Hair Vigogne, new Fall shades, at 50c.

40-inch Cheviots, in grays, browns and fancy mixtures, at 50c.

50-inch Tricots in gray and brown mixtures at 50c.

50-inch Dress Cloth in Autumn shades at 65c.

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Miscellaneous

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CHAS. A. SCHAFFER, Dean of Cornell University, N. Y., writes:—I take pleasure in stating that the gentlemen entered without condition. Hoping that you may be able to send us many more such, I am very sincerely yours.

DR. WILLIAM PEPPER, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, writes:—I have had frequent occasion to observe the good results of the thorough work done by the students under your care, and a careful examination of your course of study as compared with the requirements for admission to the University of Pennsylvania, shows that your school affords every opportunity to those students desiring to fit themselves for entrance to this as well as to other colleges of the highest grade.

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ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.45, 11.40 A. M., 4.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45 A. M., 4.00, 5.00, 7.15 P. M. Closes at 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.15, A. M., 3.12, 7.15 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.15 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturdays, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.43, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, *9.19, 9.52, *10.26 A. M. 12.07, 1.01, *1.34, *2.41, *3.03, 3.12, 4.01, *4.58, *5.41, 5.46, 6.25, *7.00, *7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.21 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.19, *10.26, A. M. *12.04, 12.25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, *8.03, 8.51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, *6.50, 7.32, *8.25, 8.30, 10.01, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *4.00, 4.20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6.00, 6.01, 6.21, *7.03, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 10.23, 11.31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.25, *8.30, 9.12, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.28, 5.53, *7.03, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Council meets next Monday night.

—The fall trade in Bristol promises to be brisk

—The first frost of the season came yesterday morning.

—Samuel I. Whitaker has sold his Bath street grocery to John Sleifer.

—Hermione Lodge, K. of P. will hold their annual supper in the near future.

—Rev D. M. Jones, of Mahanoy city, will officiate at the Baptist church next Sunday.

—Dr. John Ward has removed his office to the corner of Radcliffe and Mulberry streets.

—The sale of lumber, etc., belonging to the estate of Ellwood Doron takes place to-day.

—There is one Chinaman in Bristol who will be entitled to vote at the November election.

—The Mt. Holly Fair will be held September 14 to 18. $20,000 in premiums $7,000 for speed.

—An ordinance providing for the numbering of the houses will be presented at the next meeting of Council

—The entire stock of stoves, furniture, etc., of John C. Trabram will be sold at public sale on Friday, of next week.

—A. Baker having run out of the domestic supply, is now serving his customers with Maine ice, which he receives by railroad.

—The Jr. Order of United American Mechanics are making preparations for their Thanksgiving supper, dance and entertainment.

—At the Fidelity Building Association last Tuesday evening six loans were made at a monthly premium of 20 and 21 cents per loan.

—At the Bristol Building Association last Monday evening sixteen and a-half loans were made at monthly premiums varying from 20 to 23 cents per loan.

—The annual meeting of the Bucks County Bible Society will be held in St. James' Chapel, Langhorne Station, on the last Thursday in September, at 10 o'clock, forenoon.

—William Hagerman, son of Casper Hagerman, is acting as ticket and freight agent at Eddington, during the absence of Miss Roberts, the regular agent at that station.

—The local agent of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co., is said to have absconded with about $125.00 belonging to the Company and a warrant has been issued for his arrest.

—The contest for the appointment of county tax collector between Esquires William Louderbough and Edw. N. Booz, has resulted in the selection by the County Treasurer, Henry Lovett, of Mr. Louderbough for the position.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Postoffice, September 10th, 1891: Viola Grant, Miss Adda Hacket, Joseph Kitchen, Adam Knauf, Miss Ellen McMahon, George Neubauer, J. F. Weirick, W. M. Wood-2.

—The members of Hopkins Lodge, No. 87, I. O. O. F., had a pleasant meeting last night. After the closing of the Lodge a number of friends were admitted. A handsome cake presented in behalf of District Deputy Grand Master William S. Wright was duly received and heartily appreciated. The entertainment, consisting of readings and music were much enjoyed. The Committee on entertainment propose giving similar ones once a month.

—The principal event in social circles this week was the marriage on last Tuesday, at high noon, of Mr. William S. Wright to Miss Annie E. White, at the residence of Mr. Wright's father, J. Wesley Wright. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph S. Cook. Miss Aline Craig, of New York, was the bridesmaid, and Mr. J. S. Long, of Doylestown, the best man. Miss Lulu Peters was the flower girl. Immediately after the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Wright started South on their wedding tour.

—Mrs. John O'Shay and Mrs. Margaret Gallagher live on Buckley street. They are neighbors, but are not now on the best of terms with each other. Yesterday Mrs. Gallagher heard that Mrs. O'Shay had been making remarks derogatory to her character. Shortly afterward she met her at the pump, which they use in common. Without any preliminary words Mrs. Gallagher flew at Mrs. O'Shay and with both hands fastened in her hair threw her from the platform to the ground. In the fall Mrs. O'Shay had her leg broken. It was a compound fracture. Dr. Albert Groom was summoned and performed the necessary surgical operation.

—President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, says, in speaking of the Company's contemplated improvements: Every grade crossing on the New York Division is to be done away with. We have just completed an agreement with the authorities of Elizabeth by which all the grade crossings and the tracks of the New Jersey Central road will be passed overhead. Between here and Holmesburg Junction three more bridges will be erected. For a long time there has been more or less delay to the New York trains at Thirty-sixth street, where they branch off from the main line. To do away with this we are now tunnelling under the tracks, and in a few weeks all the New York trains will pass under the main tracks.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Burnet Landreth is at Spring Lake.

Burnet Landreth, Jr., is on a tour to the Northwest.

Mrs. Clara McConnell is visiting relatives at Cranford, N. J.

Miss Emily Sayen, of Wayne, has been visiting Miss Gertrude Fenimore.

Mr. Francis Fenimore has gone to Harvey Cedars for a few days sojourn.

Miss Rebecca Slack is at Spring Lake, the guest of the Misses Phillips.

Stephen Otis, of Cayuga, N. Y., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Foster.

Abram R. Townsend, of Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of Bristol, was in town last Monday.

Miss Anna Slack who has been the guest of Mrs. Amanda Clemens, at Ocean Beach, has returned.

Miss Martha C. Hughes, who has been visiting Miss Florence Wells, at Cambridge, N. Y., has returned home.

Jason L. Fenimore will enter Cornell College, Ithica, N. Y., to take a course in electrical engineering this fall.

Miss Lizzie Tomlinson, of Philadelphia, spent several days in Bristol this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hall.

Miss Annie Landreth, Miss Meta R. Grundy and Mr. Joseph R. Grundy have returned from a month's sojourn at Moosehead Lake, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Louderback are visiting relatives in New York City. Mr. Louderback is the engineer of the steamboat Columbia, and this is the first vacation he has taken during the boating season for four years.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS MEETING.

The September meeting of the Board of School Directors was held in the Director's room at the Wood street school building, last Thursday evening. Present, Messrs. Booz, Foster, Holt, Little, O'Donnell, Osman, Wilkinson, Young and Wildman, President.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Treasurer Foster reported that the orders drawn at the last meeting had been paid; that the sum of $4.50 had been received for the tuition of non-residents, and that the State appropriation of $2,561.31 had been received.

The Supply committee reported having had new hydrants placed in the yard of the Bath street school house, and reported progress in the matter of repairing the steps in front of the same building. Also, that the curbstone and pavement at the Washington street building had been repaired.

The Book committee reported having purchased fifty Webster's hand dictionaries at a cost of twelve cents each.

Secretary Young reported that the books ordered purchased at the last meeting had arrived.

Under the head of new business President Wildman reported that Matilda Booz had informed him that the school in the Washington street building, taught by Miss Lippincott had 73 scholars and that an assistant should be temporarily provided for the school, and had given Miss Booz authority to employ an assistant until the board met, which had been done, Miss Mary Wilkinson being engaged. The action of President Wildman was, on motion of Wm. Holt, approved, and Miss Wilkinson was ordered continued as an assistant to Miss Lippincott until October 1st. On motion of William Little the salary of the new assistant was fixed at the rate of $35 per month.

Petitions of Raymond Nevegold and James Blache to have dog tax remitted, were referred to the assessors to investigate, with instructions to report at the next meeting.

On motion of Secretary Young the salaries of the Superintendent and janitors for the month of August were ordered paid:

The following bills were then read:

Est. C. W. Peirce, wood,	$ 2 00
W. E. Doran, coal,	294.80
T. C. Gosline, curbing,	22 90
J. Burton, carting ashes,	2 00
Mahlon Moss, supplies,	1.48
John Booz, supplies,	9.35
E. M. Peirce, lime, brick, etc.	10.70
F. H. Weik, Bath St. hydrants,	18 22
Leary, Stuart & Co., books,	6 00
D. C. Leafe & Co. "	14 00
Ginn & Co., "	66 00
E. H. Butler & Co. "	25 92
Cowperthwaite & Co. "	29.00
C. Somers & Co. "	27.55
W. H. J. Wilson, stationery,	25.49
J. E. Potter & Co. books,	21.60
American Book Co. "	56 10
P. O. Hutchins, work, material,	4 62
J. K. Young, expressage on books,	5.58

The ayes and nays were being taken on the passage of the above bills when Dr. Osman requested that he be recorded as voting yea on all excepting the bill of P. O. Hutchins for removing old paper from the walls of several rooms in the Wood street school house, President Wildman would not accept such a ballot and a motion was made by Dr. Osman to consider the bill in question separately. The other bills were then passed, and a vote was taken on Mr. Hutchins' bill, which resulted in it being passed, Dr. Osman being the only dissenting vote.

After a few remarks on the subject, there being no further business the Board adjourned.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

On last Monday the Republican Convention of Bucks county was held and a ticket to be voted for at the November election selected.

Henry Lear, Esq., of Doylestown, was chosen permanent chairman, and the following gentlemen as vice-presidents:

Bristol borough, R. B. Kelley.
Bristol twp., Wm. R. Vandegrift.
Bridgeton, T. E. Williams.
Buckingham, James C. Fell.
Falls, William Wise.
Newtown borough, Wm. Wynkoop.
Nockamixon, Alonzo Nicholas.
Perkasie borough, James H. Shelly.
Sellersville boro., Dr. C. D Fretz.
Springfield, Tilghman Barron.
Warrington, George M. Garner.
Wrightstown, William Davis.

Hugh B. Eastburn offered a resolution which was carried, that hereafter the various districts of Bucks County shall be represented in Republican county meetings upon the basis of the party vote cast at the last preceding Presidential election. Every district shall be entitled to two votes for the first one hundred Republican ballots cast at such election, and one for each additional hundred or majority fraction thereof. No district to have less than two votes.

The following excellent ticket was nominated: District Attorney, Mahlon H. Stout, Doylestown borough; Prothonotary, Edward S. Stackhouse, Doylestown township; Jury Commissioner, John G. Weinberger, Milford; Director of the Poor, Abraham Myers, Bedminster; Delegates to Constitutional Convention, Henry Lear, Doylestown borough, and Samuel C. Eastburn, Middletown.

The resolutions approve the strong and safe administration of national affairs at home and abroad by President Harrison and point with pride to Pennsylvania's son, James G. Blaine's, conduct in our intercourse with foreign nations. They denounce British free trade in whatever disguise it may be presented by the Democracy; appreciate the beneficial effects of the McKinley bill upon the agricultural and manufacturing interests; condemn the unjust and unwarranted abuse of the party by the Convention of Democratic bosses recently held at Harrisburg on account of the crimes of John Bardsley and others; appreciate the prompt action of the Republican Mayor, City Councils and District Attorney of Philadelphia and look for the swift conviction of the guilty parties and their consignment behind prison walls, and commend that as an example to the Democratic authorities in this and other States and cities.

☞Last week for bargains in oil paintings, Radcliffe street, next to Delaware House.

☞The Pennsylvania Art Co. will close their Bristol salesrooms this week. Auction sales each evening. E. N. Booz, Auctioneer.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

The home club went to Tacony, last Thursday and was defeated by the local club of that place in the most exciting game of the season, the score being a tie up to the eighth inning. The score is as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A	E.
Fitzpatrick, 3b.	0	1	0	4	1
Fredericks, ss.	0	0	2	0	1
Mahan, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
McDonnell, 2b.	0	0	3	3	0
Smith, p.	1	1	2	5	0
R. Coleman, lf.	0	1	2	0	0
Potts, c.	0	0	3	1	0
Richert, 1b.	0	0	9	0	0
J. Coleman, cf.	0	0	3	0	0
Totals,	1	3	24	13	2

TACONY.

	R	H.	O.	A.	E.
Knight, 2b.	1	2	4	4	0
Cooney, cf.	0	1	1	1	0
Nyce, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Henry, 3b.	1	1	0	2	0
Massey, 1b.	0	0	10	0	0
Judd, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Foster, p.	0	0	0	9	0
Hall, ss.	0	0	1	3	1
Sugden, c.	0	0	10	2	0
Totals,	2	4	27	21	1

INNINGS.

Bristol,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—1
Tacony,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	x	—2

Two-base hit, Knight 1. Sacrifice hits, Henry, Cooney. Bases stolen, Foster, Knight. Bases on balls, Bristol 2, Tacony 1. Struck out by Foster 8, by Smith 2. Left on bases, Nyce, Henry, Foster, Hall, Sugden, Smith 2. Double plays, Hall, Knight, Massey. Passed ball, Sugden. Wild pitch, Smith. Umpire, H. Adams.

The Bordentown club came to Bristol on Monday last with a determination to administer the same dose to Bristol as they did on their own soil last week, but were disappointed. Smith pitched for Bristol and allowed the visitors but four hits. The entire home club played exceptionally fine ball. The fly catch of Mahan in right field is worthy of mention. The visitors scored one run in the first inning on an error by R. Coleman, and failed to score again during the game. Byers umpired impartially throughout. The "kickers," known as Bordentown base ball club, took exceptions to a decision made by umpire Byers in the first inning, as to a balk by Hofferd, pitcher, but after some wrangling resumed the game. The guardians of the peace were on the grounds to prevent any disturbance, as it was thought Bordentonians would endeavor to win the game if they had to resort to extreme measures. Peace reigned throughout and the visitors wended their way homeward satisfied that Bristol has a No. 1 ball team. The score by innings is as follows:

Bristol,	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	4	—9
Bordentown,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

The Germantown and Bristol clubs played on the home grounds on Saturday afternoon last, the finest game of the season until the eighth inning, when the home team bunched its hits and the Germantown boys their errors, scoring five unearned runs. The features of the game were the pitching of Coleman and a fine running catch by Schonut. The score by innings:

Bristol,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	2	—7
Germantown,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

The Bristol club is at Langhorne to-day.

Bristol plays the A. C. S. N. on the home grounds next Saturday.

THE EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING.

Much interest and indeed almost excitement has been created in this country the past year by the great success attending the efforts of The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching to establish its work. The central idea is, that as the people cannot go to College the College or University can and will come to the people. For the better understanding of the matter we invite the attention of our readers to the following extracts from circular received.

"The purpose of the University Extension movement is to provide the means of higher education for persons of all classes and of both sexes engaged in the regular occupations of life. It is, in fact, an attempt to solve the problem of how much of what the Universities do for their own students can be done for persons unable to go to a University.

The movement was started in England, in 1872, by the University of Cambridge, and has been carried on with increasing success. Last year nearly 40,000 students attended courses of lectures at about three hundred Centres in England and Wales.

The object of this Society, which was formed in 1890, is to organize and promote the movement throughout the United States and Canada.

The fundamental idea throughout has been education for busy people. The majority of the courses have been given in the evening, and the audiences have included persons drawn from all ranks of society, and of the widest diversity of previous education and training. Ladies, business and professional men, clerks and teachers in schools have all been represented in the lecture audiences, while some of the courses in Philadelphia have been largely attended by working people.

The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching has been formed to assist in organizing and supervising the work throughout the country. Already one hundred colleges and universities have signified their intention of co-operating with the Society. The great success of the work is chiefly due to the fact that it accomplishes the better utilization of existing facilities.

The success which has attended the working of this method in England and this country, has proved that the attainment of a very high standard of training and knowledge is possible by attendance at University Extension Courses, provided that the student carries out the system in its entirety.

Although organized for so short a time in this country, the success which has attended the early efforts is indeed remarkable. In connection with the Philadelphia local movement alone, during the season '90-91 there were given forty-two courses, with an aggregate attendance of about fifty thousand.

It will be seen, therefore, that this system is adapted at the same time to persons who desire merely a general acquaintanceship with the subjects taught, as well as to students who are anxious to make a more thorough study. The courses have covered various departments in Science, Literature, History, Economics and Art, and have been fully illustrated, where necessary, with experiments and diagrams or the lantern."

A movement is on foot in our town to organize a "Centre" here, to reap the great advantages above promised, for our citizens; and if there seems to enough of interest manifested to warrant the undertaking, arrangements will be made at an early date to start it of which due notice will be given. Those interested can obtain further information from Mr. John K. Wildman or Mr. Charles E. Scheide.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a meeting of Hopkins Lodge, No. 87, I. O. O. F., held on Wednesday evening, September 9th, 1891, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove our beloved brother, Jacob McBrien, from among us by death, who was initiated into this Order on the 25th of November, 1843, and was the last charter member; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our lodge, we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in their deep affliction, and that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, that a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon the minutes and one be sent to the widow.

Respectfully submitted in F. L. and T.
G. C. GILLINGHAM,
J. M. OWENS,
H. S. RUE.
Committee.

—If you could see your own scalp through an ordinary magnifying glass, you would be amazed at the amount of dust, dandruff, and dead skin thei on accumulated. The best and most popular preparation for cleansing the scalp is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Firemen's Tournament at Atlantic City, N. J.—Half Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Firemen's Tournament to be held at Atlantic City on September 29th, 30th, October 1st and 2d, promises to be one of the most interesting events of its kind ever held in this country. Invitations have been sent to all the prominent fire companies of the East to be present and enter the lists, and the number of entries already registered assures a brilliant success. The programme of events is a most elaborate one and includes everything that can add to the firemen's art. Hose races, team races, steamer trials prize drills, and other firemen contests, together with concerts, torchlight processions, and a grand parade. Beside this, the arrangements for the entertainment of the visitors are very elaborate.

For the better accommodation of visitors and contestants the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Atlantic City from all principal stations on its system at a single fare for the round trip. The tickets will be sold September 25th to October 2d, valid for return until October 6th, 1891. The facilities presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad for reaching Atlantic City quickly and comfortably are too well known to need comment.

A Series of Personally-Conducted Tours to Washington, D. C.

The announcement is given again this season of a continuation of these charming Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tours to Washington, which have won an unrivaled reputation for themselves through the admirable system under which they have always been conducted and the liberality of rate. The dates fixed are September 17th, October 1st, 15th, and 29th, November 12th and 26th, and December 10th, leaving New York at 11.00 A. M., stopping at Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, New Brunswick, Monmouth Junction, Princeton Junction, and Trenton, in a special train, reaching Washington early the same evening, returning leave Washington the Saturday following, thus allowing ample time for sight-seeing. The round-trip rate of $12 50 applies to stations from New York to Trenton not inclusive; from there the rate is but $12, and includes not only railroad fare in each direction, but also meals en route and hotel board during the stay at the National Capital.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

*A salary with expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement headed, "A Chance to Make Money."

MARRIED.

WRIGHT—WHITE.—At Bristol, on September 8, 1891, at the residence of the groom's father, J. Wesley Wright, by Rev. J. S. Cook, Wm. S. Wright, Esq., of Bristol, and Miss Annie E., daughter of the late Wesley White, of Middletown township.

The Soap for Hard Water is Lenox.

Colors of Poisonous Animals.

There is one species of earthworm in Great Britain, known to fishermen as the "brandling," which has a peculiar means of defense that does not appear to be at all common in the group. The brandling is very dark brown, with yellowish bands, and when irritated it can exude a yellowish fluid. This worm seems to be acceptable enough to certain fishes; but the truth of the proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison," is illustrated by the fact that it is not palatable to lizards. I have been informed that they either reject it with disgust, or, if they do taste it, are rewarded for their indiscretion by severe fits of illness

Now, this is a very curious fact, but it is paralleled elsewhere in the animal kingdom. Many brightly colored animals—particularly among insects—have been found to be either disagreeable in their taste or positively dangerous to other animals which habitually feed upon their like. And it is noteworthy that these unpalatable creatures have often the most markedly contrasted colors—that is, black and yellow; for example, the wasp and the hornet, the coral snake and the heloderm lizard (the Gila monster).

The theory has been advanced that the conspicuous colors have been developed in order to advertise their dangerous nature, or the unpalatable qualities of their flesh, so that they may escape such injuries as might be inflicted by an animal desirous of experimenting upon them as articles of food. This "warning coloration" seems to say to the would be aggressor, "Don't touch me; I'm poisonous." It confers a benefit at once upon the oppressor and the oppressed; rendering the one free from attacks, and warning the other that such attacks will probably be followed by serious consequences. It looks very much as if the brandling was another example of this same phenomenon.—Chambers' Journal.

Connubial Repartee.

When Mr. Nagger got back from town Mrs. Nagger was practicing a song at the new piano her mother had given her.

"Stop that screeching," he snapped, throwing a folded slip of paper on the table, "and put that away with the others."

"Our dearly beloved landlord wasn't over agreeable, I should judge," remarked Mrs. Nagger, giving the inoffensive instrument a final bang and descending from a stagger at high C.

"Naw," growled Mr. Nagger, "he wasn't. He said he'd fix that bathroom faucet when he got good and ready, and if we wanted screens so bad we could put 'em in our selves and pay for 'em too. He's dead sore 'cause everybody but us moved out."

"I told you so. What can you expect of a landlord who raises the rent 50 per cent. on every flat in the building?"

"Of course you told me so; of course. You tell me everything you know, and more too. Perhaps you can tell me if he has rented any of the flats."

"I can."

"Then why don't you?"

"He hasn't. He brought in one man, though, to look at the flat below us, and nearly caught him."

"Rent too high, I s'pose."

"He said it wasn't."

"What then?"

"He found out you lived above and said he knew you," said Mrs. Nagger, demurely, thus scoring one on her lord and master.

"He'll not get a tenant this year," said Mr. Nagger, ignoring his wife's delicate compliment.

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Nagger, trying to laugh.

"Because," said Mr. Nagger, taking a long roll from his pocket, "I've bought you a dozen new songs."—St. Louis Star Sayings.

A Sketch of the Scotch Prophet.

There was a great function at the Wallace monument, near Stirling, Saturday, when there was a large gathering of Scotchmen to hear Professor Masson's speech at the uncovering of a bust of Carlyle. It is rather a curious idea of the canny Scots that of making a hall of their dead on the craggy peak that seems to guard the entrance to the Highlands, and from which you can see goodness knows how many battlefields. Besides the half mythical Wallace, there are looking down on these fields of glory effigies of Robert Bruce, John Knox, George Buchanan, Adam Smith, James Watt, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Tannahill, Chalmers, Hugh Miller and Dr. Livingstone. So that it may with reason be called a national (and windy) Valhalla.

To my mind the gem of Professor Masson's speech was his personal description of the prophet. The newspaper paragraphist, he said, usually figured him as "an eccentric, absentminded and feeblebodied old gentleman," who went about muttering, "Ech sirs," "O mon," "Na, na," "Dinna, dinna," etc. But Professor Masson describes him in his prime as a tall, spare, formidable looking man, six feet in height, and his "habitual vocabulary was not Scottish at all, but very choice and even stately English. If you studied his intonation, however, you had him at once. He moved among the Londoners for nearly fifty years an unabashed Annandale man." And he made a very true and faithful friend of Professor Masson.—London Globe.

Boys Who Left the Farm.

Nearly three-fourths of the men who have been chosen by the people for the great office of the nation are men who were early familiar with wooded hills and cultivated fields—for example, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hamlin, Greeley, Tilden, Cleveland, Harrison, Hayes, Blaine and many others almost equally conspicuous in current events or living memory. Among journalists, Henry Watterson spent his early life in rural Kentucky, and Murat Halstead was born and lived on a farm in Ohio. W. H. Vanderbilt was born in a small New Jersey town, and early engaged in the business of ship chandlery; Russell Sage was born in a New York village; Jay Gould spent his early years on his father's farm in New York state. Ingersoll first saw light in a country town in New York; Talmage in a New Jersey village and David Swing, though born in Cincinnati, passed his boyhood on an Ohio farm. Whittier and Howells spent their youth in villages, the former dividing his time between farm employment and his studies. Follow the list out yourself and see how long it will become.—Kansas City Times.

Translation.

The danger of attempting to translate from one language into another, unless one is reasonably familiar with the language he is using, was illustrated by a mistake recently made by a young Frenchwoman.

She had come from Paris, and wished to establish herself in this country as a teacher of the French language. She accordingly inserted the following advertisement in one of the papers:

"A young Parisian lady desires to show her tongue to classes of American ladies. Address," etc.—Youth's Companion.

Unappreciated Kindness.

A poorly dressed woman, sixty-five or seventy years of age, and carrying a large basket, boarded one of the west end cars, looking about her in a discouraged sort of way as she saw that all the seats were occupied. A lady, at least fifteen years her junior, who is well known in Boston by reason of her kindly heart and generous impulses, waited just long enough to see that all the men were suddenly absorbed in their newspapers, then, rising, said quietly: "Won't you take my seat, madam?" The woman turned and flashed a glance of angry and indignant scorn at the speaker. "No, thank you," she snapped out in a tone that matched the look; "I don't see as you're any better able to stand than I am, if my hair is gray."—Boston Saturday Gazette.

The Popular Game.

"It reminds me," she said sweetly, "of married life. First, the play, the ball, the long 'hop,' the drive for two, and the match; then the long partnership, the attack and defense, the scores, the hits, and the cuts; then the man going out, the fast ball, the 'just a little too late;' then the break, the separation, and all is over."—London Tit-Bits.

Four Perfect Women.

The Prophet Mohammed is reported to have said "that among men there had been many perfect, but not more than four of the other sex have attained perfection—to wit, Asiah, Mary, Khadijah and Fatima." Asiah was the wife of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. She forsook the faith of her fathers, on account of which her husband subjected her to many cruelties. The Virgin Mary was the second perfect woman, Mohammed stating that "she had been exalted above all the women of the world." Khadijah was the first wife of the prophet, "a princess among women." Fatima, according to Mohammed, was the fourth perfect woman, she being his beloved daughter.—London Tit-Bits.

An Act of Gratitude.

A gentleman saved the life of a clothes dealer, who had been capsized in a boat. The latter was profuse in his thanks, and said to his rescuer: "I see that you have spoiled your clothes on this auspicious occasion. Allow me to take the opportunity of handing you my business card. Ten thousand elegant summer suits at forty-six marks!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Getting Rid of a Nuisance.

First Little Bird—Here comes a boy with a gun. Shall we fly away?

Second Little Bird—No. He'd only follow us.

First Little Bird—But what shall we do?

Second Little Bird—Sit here and let him fire at us. By and by he will shoot off a finger or something and go home.—Good News.

In Brazil there grows a tree which has hard urn shaped fruits, known as monkey cups. They contain edible nuts and the husks are very peculiar, being six inches in diameter and having regular lids which fit them closely and separate when the seeds are mature.

A Wise Youth.

"Tommy is making quite a name for himself, I understand."

"Oh no. He's doing well, of course; but he is sticking to the name his pa and ma made for him."—New York Truth.

PERSONAL LIBERTY VS. PHYSICAL SLAVERY.—We are all free American citizens, enjoying our personal liberty, but most of us are in physical slavery, suffering from scrofula, salt rheum or some other form of impure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier which disolves the bonds of disease, gives health and perfect physical liberty.

Will Fight to a Finish.

A long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers, the Fidelity Wall paper Co., of No. 12 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two-cent stamps for samples of their ten, twelve and fifteen-cent gilts.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jno. K. Young.

☞If current rumors are true Humphrey's Good Samaritan is the best Liniment in the world for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Ask Franklin Moss, the blacksmith, what he knows about it.

Two Genuine Harvest Excursions

Will be run from Chicago, Milwaukee, and other points on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, to points in Western Minnesota, North-western Iowa, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana, at cheap excursion rates, on August 25 and September 29, 1891.

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address WM. KELLY, JR., Trav. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. R'y., 16 So. Broad St., Philadelphia, or GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—It will do your heart good to see the magnificent crops in South Dakota. They are simply immense.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE.

The Northern Pacific Wonderland embraces a list of attractions simply unequalled, The Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis at the head of navigation on the Mississippi, Duluth, Ashland and the Superiors at the head of Lake Superior; to the westward the Lake Park Region of Minnesota, the Red River Valley wheat fields, Valley of the Yellowstone, Yellowstone National Park, Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley, Helena and Butte, Missoula and the Bitter Root Valley, Clarks Fork of the Columbia, Lakes Pend d'Oreille and Cœur d'Alene, Spokane City and Falls, Palouse, Walla Walla, Big Bend and Yakima agricultural districts, Mt. Tacoma and the Cascade Mountains, Tacoma, Seattle Puyallup Valley, Snoqualmie Falls, Puget Sound, the Columbia River, Portland and the Willamette Valley, Gray's Harbor and City Willapa Harbor and City of South Bend, Victoria on Vancouvers Island, Alaska on the north and California on the south.

The Northern Pacific runs two daily express trains with Dining Car and complete Pullman service between St. Paul and Tacoma and Portland via Helena and Butte with Through Tourist and Vestibuled Pullman Sleepers from and to Chicago via the Wisconsin Central, and first class through sleeping car service in connection with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Passengers from the east leaving St. Louis in the forenoon and Chicago in the afternoon, will make close connections with the morning train out of St. Paul at 9 a.m. the following day; leaving Chicago at night, connection will be made with Train No. 1 out of St. Paul 4.15 the next afternoon.

Yellowstone Park Season, June 1st to October 1st.

District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying information, rates, maps, time tables, etc., or application can be made to Chas S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Write to above address for the latest and best map yet published of Alaska—just out.

New Advertisements.

FOR SALE.

A NEW FARM OR CONTRACTOR'S CART and one Germantown Carriage, for sale cheap. Apply to or address,
E. R. SMITH, Morrisville, Pa.

WANTED

A BOY 16 YEARS OLD, WISHES A SITUATION in a mill or a store, can read and write and make himself generally useful. Apply to
MRS. A. E. FREEMAN,
No. 19 Race Street.

HORSES! HORSES!

Fifty Head of Horses.

Swartz & Maurer

JUST ARRIVED

With 50 Head Fine Western Horses!

At J. H. Cooper's Stables,

TULLYTOWN, PA.

Opposite Penn'a. R. R. depot, where they will be sold at private sale. It will pay any one in want of good driving, riding or work horses, to come and inspect these, as they will be sold very reasonable. They are certainly a choice lot. Kind attention given to all.

SWARTZ & MAURER, Owners.

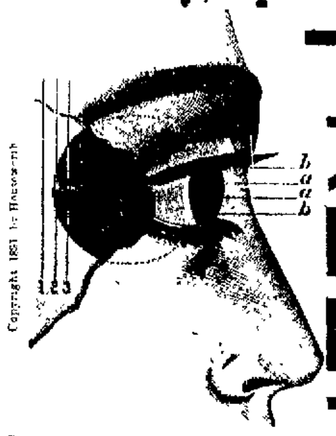
ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY W. HOLT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to
SARAH E. HAYES,
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attys. Executors.

Miscellaneous

Wednesday, Sept. 23.



CAN YOU READ THIS?

No charge is made to determine if your eyesight may be improved or headache relieved, by wearing properly adjusted glasses. I guarantee every pair of glasses ordered to be satisfactory and expect to win your approval by the skillful and accurate manner in which we give you improved and comfortable vision.

HOUSEWORTH, OF PHILA.,

Specialist on the Eye,

will be at the store from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., on

September 23d, 1891,

B. C. FOSTER, Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Corner Mill and Wood Sts.

☞Particular attention given to Repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home by practical workmen, and warranted to give satisfaction.

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HAS OPENED A

FISH • MARKET,

AT NO. 14 MILL STREET,

Opposite W. P. Wright's Hardware Store, where he will have on hand at all times a supply of

FISH AND CLAMS,

Which he will sell at Lowest Cash Prices. He has Blue Fish, Spanish Mackerel, Fresh Cod, Sea Bass, Flounder, Haddock, Sea Trout, Porgies, other fresh and salt water fish in season. Crabs and Lobsters, and other shell fish furnished to order at short notice. Call on him.

Friends' School House,

BRISTOL, PA.

The School will re-open TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1891.

Primary, Middle & Advanced Classes.

For Circulars address,

ANNA W. CABEEN.

SHERMAN & PEIRCE wish to inform the Public that notwithstanding the fire they are prepared to furnish Lumber, Shingles, etc., as usual, and at as early a date as possible, will rebuild and resume business in all departments.

☞The Kindergarten and Primary School will re-open on September 28, 1891.

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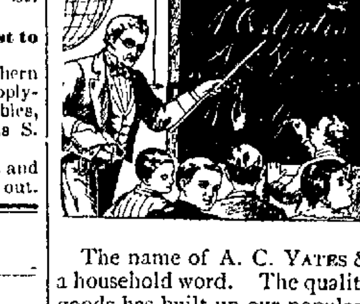
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No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

Nitrous Oxide administered. Fresh Gas for every patient. Ether and Chloroform always on hand. No pain in extracting teeth. Filling, scaling, regulating and dental prosthesis in its most improved manner. Terms low. Work warranted to give satisfaction.



The name of A. C. YATES & Co. is a household word. The quality of our goods has built up our popularity.

For the coming Fall and Winter we have manufactured a stock that is sure to please. Novelties and standard fabrics are here in plenty, and price, style, quality and making have all received our personal care.

With your former needs in mind we are confident of meeting present wants.

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THE GREAT MT. HOLLY FAIR

SEPTEMBER 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

PREMIUMS, $20,000,
$7,000 FOR SPEED.

Balloon Ascensions BY LADIES,

Chariot Races

By Three & FOUR-HORSE TEAMS.

Riderless Horse Races,

Tandem Hurdle Races,

High Jumping Horses,

And a Host of Other Attractions.

EXCURSION TICKETS, from foot of Market Street, Philadelphia, and Trenton, with Coupon admitting to Fair. $1.00 Low rates from all other points.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LAMENT.

Oh what is the earth's endeavor,
That its work is yearly repeated?
And what is man's, that forever
The work of his hands is defeated;
And the goal he strives to attain
Must be reached again and again?

O Labor, O cruelest master!
Why sendest thy angels of wasting—
The agents of woe and disaster—
Corrupting the fruit at the tasting;
And setting a term to the plants of the old,
And weaving ruin with all that they yield.

—O. C. Stevens.

THE SWITCHMAN'S CHILD

A little white house seemed asleep among the blossoming apple trees. It was early morning and all was light and freshness. The door was opened, and a man appeared at the threshold, a smile on his face and an expectant look in his eyes.

There was a movement behind the trunk of an apple tree. The man's smile grew broader, and from the tree, like a dryad, rushed a charming little flaxen haired girl, who threw herself with a burst of laughter into his arms.

"May I take the little one, Celine?" said the father.

At these words a prepossessing looking woman made her appearance.

"Again?" she said, with a shade of annoyance.

"Oh, we share her very fairly," said the man, with the kindest and most paternal smile. "If you knew," he resumed, "how quickly the hours pass when she is down here with me."

"Don't you think I know, when I find them so long in her absence?"

It was embarrassing. The child, Alice, herself began to be troubled by this conversation, and feeling that she could not please both these beings that she loved so much, she was ready to cry. Celine saw it at once, and yielded.

"Take her, Laurence; I would rather have her go than that you should fret about it."

The father at these words showed some feeling.

"No," said he, in his turn, "keep her—you deserve it; you love her best."

The discussion began again, but it was this time a struggle of generosity.

At last the husband took his darling in his arms, and a smile reappeared on the child's lips.

Celine looked longingly after them and re-entered the house.

One morning it happened that, without saying anything to Celine, Laurence took the little girl's hand to lead her away, when her mother suddenly appeared.

"What!" she said. "You would take her without telling me?"

"Don't think that," said Laurence, in some confusion. "We were in fun—we were going to hide behind the trees and see you look for us."

"Oh!" said Celine, doubtfully.

"Listen, Laurence," she continued. "Alice grows more restless and troublesome every day. It is dangerous to let her go with you."

"What do you mean?" said the man turning pale.

"I mean that I am afraid of your railroad, with its trains."

"You are very foolish."

"Leave her here. I can hardly breathe while my little girl is down there. It is frightful to think of it, but she might get away and be killed."

"Don't talk so, Celine."

"She might run away while you are at the switch, and if you left to look after her you would fail in your duty, and might be the cause of a dreadful disaster."

"No, Celine, I beg of you, don't talk so!" cried Laurence, who shuddered at the idea.

The young woman did not insist. The pointsman gradually recovered himself.

"My poor Alice!" he cried, embracing the child frantically. "It is too bad, Celine; it is a shame to frighten me so."

Celine smiled, and the conversation ended, as usual, with these words from Laurence, "You will come for her at noon."

Laurence liked to take his daughter down to the line with him, although rather nervous about it at times, but reasoned with himself:

"The child," he said, "is familiar with the passage of trains, and she is old enough to comprehend the danger."

And his apprehension gradually vanished.

One evening, however, when he went home, he found he had been preceded by the rumor of an accident which had occurred at a neighboring station. A man had been crushed by an express train.

Celine questioned her husband while at supper.

"Is it true that Simon is killed?" she asked.

"No," replied Laurence. "He was in great danger, but he escaped, thanks to his wonderful coolness."

"Then he is not dead?" said Celine.

"No; and yet the whole train went over him. When Simon saw it was too late to save himself, he laid flat down in the middle of the track, and when the train passed by he got up again safe and sound. I saw him. I asked him how it made him feel. At first, he said, when the engine went over him he was very warm; after that the time seemed long. That was all. You know Simon is not easily frightened. He is ready to go to work again," added Laurence tranquilly.

But Celine's anxieties were aroused afresh.

Some time after that the hours of service were changed, and Laurence took the night duty. He could no longer think of taking Alice with him.

One evening, however, a woman in the village was taken very ill.

The doctor who came wrote a prescription, and said to the neighbors he found there:

"These medicines can only be had in the next town, and you must not wait for them. Let one of you go to the railway station, where there is a portable pharmacy, and ask the station master on my account for a little laudanum. That will quiet the pains till you can have the prescription. Which of you will go?"

"Celine! Celine!" said several voices.

It was certain that the station master would not hesitate to give her the medicine.

The young woman thought of leaving Alice, but as she had been particularly restless all day Celine concluded to take her. They had to pass Laurence's place to go to the station. He saw them coming, and as soon as they were within hearing began to question them.

"Old Gertrude is very ill, and I am going to the station for medicine."

"That's right. But let me have Alice. I will keep her till you come back."

Celine lifted the little girl over the fence to her father, who took the precious burden in his arms and returned with her to his box, before which a lamp was burning. Darkness covered the metals, which crossed each other in several directions.

It would not take Celine more than twenty minutes to get to the station and back. The child was in one of her most frolicsome moods. She ran suddenly into the garden. Laurence ran laughing after her.

"You can't catch me," she said.

"Yes, I can."

But the little witch evaded Laurence's pursuit, leaving laughter behind her.

"Here, here!" she said.

And, rushing to the track, began to cross it.

"Don't go there, darling!" said her father.

It was very dark; the pointsman could hardly see his daughter.

"You can't catch me," repeated the child

"Come—come here," said the father.

"Look for me," answered the child.

"Alice! Alice! don't play there any more. I shall be angry! Come here!"

"Oh, you say that because you can't catch me!"

"Come back! I will give you a cake."

"That isn't true; you haven't one. You want to make me come back."

"Yes, I don't want you to stay there. The express train is coming!"

"Oh, I shan't let you catch me! The train has gone by."

"There is another."

Instead of replying, the child said, "Run after me, papa, run!"

Laurence saw there was nothing to be done but to run after her and take her out of danger. He rushed toward the place where he heard her voice. It was dark and Alice escaped him still. His alarm increased. At any instant the whistle of the oncoming train might be heard, and Laurence redoubled his appeals

His voice was hoarse with fright; the fatal moment approached, and still the child laughed and repeated, "You can't catch me!"

Now the whistle sounded. The lugubrious call paralyzed the poor man, and he lost his head completely. The train would have two victims if he did not regain his composure. Two victims! It would be a catastrophe with incalculable consequences; for a train was stopping at the station a little way ahead, and if the express was not turned off there must invariably be a collision.

Laurence shook off his torpor.

"Alice!" he cried, in thundering tones.

"Here, papa." And the child continued to give sharp little calls, which mingled in the roar of the approaching engine.

The instinct of duty, rather than will, urged Laurence toward the points. He seized the instrument which ought to turn the train.

"No," he exclaimed, "I must save her! Alice—Alice where are you?" and his eyes sought to pierce the darkness.

The man, with hair on end, thought of throwing himself before the huge iron monster.

But one chance remained—that Alice was not on the track over which the train must pass. He looked again—he saw her. She was there, standing on the very track the train must take if he altered the points. If the iron tempest did not take its true course, the child was saved. The train would go on to crash against the one at the station. What matter! Alice would be alive! All this went through his mind like lightning. They would be killed and wounded—twenty families in despair—but Alice would be safe and sound. There would be an inquest. He would be condemned to prison, dishonored, ruined! But his daughter, his little Alice, would live and be happy. Ah, how quickly one can think in such terrible moments!

The train came thundering on, but it could not be seen on account of a sharp curve in the road. There was still time to save Alice, but the child would not stir. It seemed to her father that she waited for the train with an air of defiance.

"Alice," he repeated, in a voice strangled by fear—"Alice, come here! You will kill me!"

Suddenly the advancing lights of the engine appeared. The train was upon him—it was here. The man felt his whole being shake. He was bewildered—could see nothing.

Thought did not stop, however, but traveled faster than the train. He recalled in a second his honorable life; he had always sacrificed everything to duty. He saw in the station the frightful accident he would have caused and heard the cries of the wounded, the last gasps of the dying. The problem was before him—his daughter or others? There was no alternative without a miracle.

With astonishing promptitude the sentiment of duty became most powerful, and he seized mechanically the hands of the iron bar. The stoical pointsman at this moment was uppermost, and effaced the father. He pushed, hardly knowing what he did, and the express train crossed the points.

On, on it went, and he could see it passing before the station, going by as if it were happy to escape a danger, and disappearing in the darkness.

Duty had been strongest. Stupefied, staggered, speechless, Laurence was rooted to the spot, holding still the cursed handle which had helped him to kill his child.

"Now," he said, "it is my turn to die."

The other train was about to pass. He stepped forward, crossed his arms and awaited it. The whistle sounded, the heaving engine puffed. Bewildered, thinking of nothing, there he stood. But that instant a burst of laughter sounded behind him. He turned, wild with hope.

"Oh, naughty papa! he won't play with Alice!" said the most beloved of voices.

The child was clinging to him. Laurence did not seek to know how the child came there alive. He seized her and fled with his treasure into his little cabin. Then he put her on the ground before the lamp and looked at her. He could not bear so much joy, and fell fainting beside his daughter, who in her turn screamed with terror.

At this moment Celine arrived. She heard her child's voice and hastened her steps. Then, becoming impatient, she called, "Alice!"

The child ran to meet her, crying, "Mamma, mamma, I am frightened!"

"What is the matter?"

"Papa has fallen down."

Celine rushed toward the box and found her husband completely insensible, stretched on the ground. She sent for help, and the doctor, who had not left the village, came and restored the poor man to consciousness. The next day when Laurence rose his wife looked at him with terror. Instead of his former bright color he exhibited a corpselike pallor, which never left him to the end of his days. Laurence was forced to tell his wife all. When he had finished, the poor father turned to little one and said, "But, darling, why weren't you killed?"

"Why," said the child, "I did what Simon did."—True Flag.

No Little Kittenish Ways.

"What do you think of Miss Dymple?" asked Whyte

"Oh," said Smythe, "she's a good girl in her way, but when she's flirting with you you would never know it unless she told you."—Louisville Journal.

CITY HALL PARK.

(Copyright 1891, by The United Press

I.

The pavements glow with heat,
Bad odors fill the air,
Dirt and dust and misery,
And rags and sin are there.

II.

I walk amid the throng,
And long to ease their plight,
And grow more full of sorrow
As fall the shades of night.

III.

"Extra," a voice calls out,
"Tis harsh, discordant, sad;
"Give me your latest issue,"
I say unto the lad.

IV.

He hands me a printed sheet,
His hand shakes in my grasp
His face grows ghastly pale,
His last words are a gasp.

V.

"Tell der kids I loved 'em,
I did der best I could,
Tell my mother I tried to do
All that a poor boy should.'

VI.

There he lies in my arms,
His homely face so white,
And I know that from my sid
A noble soul took flight.

Arthur Rosslyn.

Tea as a Test for Poison.

"Tea," says a woman who knows, "clear tea, without sugar or cream, is one of the best of agents for the detection of suspected poison. I remember stopping once, in my travels, at a little country inn whose buxom landlady offered me some beautiful-looking waffles, besides which she sat down a small pitcher of syrup. There was talk at that time—it was several years ago—about the adulteration of some syrups, and this particular pitcherful had a peculiar color which I did not like. So I asked that a cup of tea be brought to me first, and when it came I took a teaspoonful of the syrup and put it in.

"Instantly the tea turned perfectly black, showing the presence of a mineral poison. I don't know that there would have been enough to have done me serious harm, but as I don't care to take poison even homoeopathically, when I know it, I ate my waffles that day with butter and sugar. More than that, I called the landlady's attention to the circumstance, which resulted in banishing all of the syrup she had in the house.—N. Y. Times.

FASHION'S GAY WORLD.

CRISP COMMENTS ON THE FANCIES AND FADS OF THE DAY.

Breezy Gossip from the Summer Resorts—The Passing Show at Saratoga—Incidents at Bar Harbor—The Latest Fabrics for Gowns.

(Copyright 1891 by the United Press.)

"You remember those Bernhardt gloves they wore about two seasons ago, Delia, with the wrinkles all up and down the wrist way up to the elbow?"

"Yes Mabel."

"Well what do you think, fashion designers say they are going to wear them this fall and also that the hose will be worn in the same way. Horrible won't it be to think of deliberately and designedly wrinkling one's stockings?

"Why, Delia, I don't know; they say wrinkles are very stylish and artistic. You know the gowns on all the old-time beauties in the classic days were wrinkled and mussed up. I'm sure I don't mind. I shall move with the rest of the procession and when I am in a stocking-wrinkling community do as the stocking wrinklers do."

* * *

Great attention is paid to the dinner at Saratoga. Then is the time to make the grand show of the day.

Then is the time to wear the most gorgeous gown and headgear.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord at one of the principal hotels in this charming resort appeared at a dinner-table in a partially decollette gown of oyster-shell pink with steel trimmings and duchesse point relief. It was a veritable shell gown. The draperies were arranged in shell-like design over the hips and the collar in the back was in the shape of a perfect shell scollop, just open enough to reveal the beautiful lines of her neck.

* * *

Jet hats and bonnets are composed of fine net open work crowns with a brim of shirred or braided tulle, while some lately imported Parisian models have solid brims of jet.

* * *

Sea blue is a new shade in valenciennes lace. It is very pretty and soft and is used for edging pocket handkerchiefs. By the way, speaking of kerchiefs, Mrs. Walter Damrosch has the most perfect collection I ever saw. She has a passion for saving odd handkerchiefs and she has been very successful so far in the perfection of her whim.

She has a dear little soft cambric affair, three cornered shape, which Marie Antoinette gave her lady-in-waiting just before she was beheaded. It was a gift from one of the high French officials, an admirer of her illustrious father. Then she has a Persian scarf, wrought by the harem ladies in figures representing an ancient battle. It is finely and superbly embroidered. An Irish point, an antique Egyptian bordered silken handkerchief and a Mexican worked linen one complete the artistic collection.

* * *

Most of the new short ruffled petticoats are made of fine India silk. They have a corded binding.

In the way of dresses, skirts have now reached the utmost limit of scantiness permitted by the wearer's convenience. Some are made almost absolutely tight fitting, being perfectly plain in front and at the sides and with only a few gathers at the back. For street wear, the skirts of outdoor costumes are now made short enough to clear the ground. Those for carriage wear and formal visitings and receptions are still allowed to trail.

* * *

The deep basque-corsage has been revived to the great content of stout women, who never did and never will look well in round waists. The basque is not made plain, but is usually in the Marie Antoinette style; that is to say, cut in large squares all around the openings between the squares reaching to the waist.

* * *

Among the old-fashioned colors which are appearing again is snuff brown. Maize-colored muslin organdie, and chambery gowns are trimmed with snuff brown laces, surahs or chiffons and gloves; hats and parasols are fast turning snuff color, now that fall draws near.

* * *

For stylish dinners and cotillions lovely black net dresses in exquisite patterns in Marquise Chantilly, Spanish Escurial thread and duchesse point designs, combined with dainty, delicate shades, is considered quite the latest device.

Bead and jewel ornaments are profusely worn with these gowns.

* * *

August has usually brought with it a burst of brilliant coloring at the seashore, especially at Newport and among the "four hundred" where there was shown a tendency to break away from the conventional suite costume and favor shown for the vari-colored basque skirt jacket and glove style. In fact the model fall costume might be called the Harlequin, for in its eccentric make-up there are no two details of the same shade.

* * *

"To be in the swim in New York," said a pretty belle to her chum who had just arrived on the Majestic from a prolonged probation of schooling abroad, "you must be an amateur actress. You must study up in Shakespeare and the popular comedies in society, and if you can write a play or a two-act farce like Mrs. Charles Doremus or Mrs. Burton Harrison, why, you are lionized right away."

* * *

The inevitable dot is found everywhere, even on the summer lisle gloves and on the delicate fall lingerie. Small black dots on a foundation of mauve or light purple or salmon pink in evening gloves are quite common. Figured Canton crepes and brocaded China Crazolines are profusely used for evening gowns for very young girls.

There is nothing in the exhibition of fall goods prettier to drape or pleat.

* * *

The shirred corsage is pretty for plump figures, but is not advisable for very thin women. The bodice in its prettiest form is shirred from the shoulders in diamond designs to the waist.

* * *

Transparent parasols are used for driving. Some are of lace and others of mousseline de soie or materials to match the costume. A delightful shade carried by Mrs. Wilmerding, the daughter of Secretary Tracy, the head of the Navy, is spun of finest Irish net and flecked with dots of silver and gold. It is superb in shape, being large and well deepened inside the handle in a circular design.

Margaret Hamm.

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may retain its youthful color, fullness, and beauty, dress it daily with
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SICK

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HEAD

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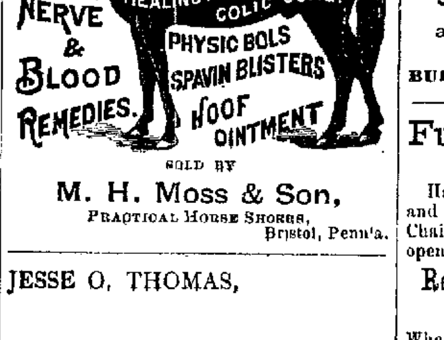
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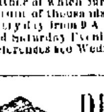
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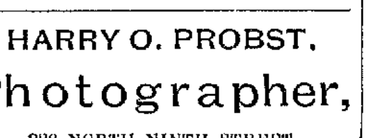
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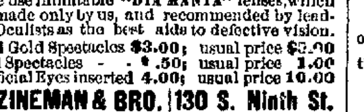
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